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OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

### BOSTON'S TRIBUTE TO LEIF ERICSSON.

*Designed by Miss Whitney, and Erected in 1887 to Commemorate the Discovery of the Continent of America by the Northmen in the year 1000 A.D.*

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

No. 1.

## THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

*A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyages until Federal Union (986-1867.)*

BY DR. J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

I. DISCOVERERS OF THE NORTH-EASTERN COASTS AND THE ST. LAWRENCE VALLEY, (986-1600).

### INTRODUCTION.

THE history of the discovery and exploration of Canada can be traced by the industrious student in the varied names, borrowed from the languages of many nations, that have been given in the course of four centuries to the waters and lands of the vast region which extends for three thousand five hundred miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Englishmen, Bretons, Basques, Normans, Portuguese, Spaniards, Huron-Iroquois and Algonquin Indians have all in turn written their names in indelible letters on the surface of the great country which embraces an area only two hundred thousand square miles less than that of all Europe, and almost equal to that of the United States. The names of saints and missionaries, of statesmen, nobles and soldiers, of gentlemen-adventurers and forest-rangers, of Indian chiefs and warriors, recall the storied past as we pass over river or lake or mountain of this territory, whose annals abound in many incidents of sur-

passing interest, since the days when a Venetian sailor sailed in an English ship and first sighted the northeastern shores of that great Continent for which Frenchmen and Englishmen were to contend at a later time in a supreme struggle which ended in the triumph of the latter.

The history of Canada has a rich record of heroic endeavour, self-sacrifice, patriotic devotion, and statesmanlike conception to offer to the reader. As we linger in summer time on the shores of the noble gulf which washes the eastern portals of Canada, and study the picturesque and suggestive names that have so long clung to its islands, bays, rivers, and headlands; as we go up the St. Lawrence river and follow the route taken by the explorers who discovered the great valley which that stream drains, and who gave to the world the knowledge of its magnificent lakes and of the mysterious West; as we walk over the grassy mounds that conceal the ruins of the formidable fortress of Louisbourg which once defended the eastern entrance to the St. Lawrence; as we stand on the heights of the ancient city of Quebec with its

many memorials of the French régime; as we travel over the rich prairies with their winding rivers and memories of fur-trappers and Indian hunters; as we are carried by the locomotive through the passes of the mountains of British Columbia and look down on the rivers which bear the names of bold explorers who first ventured on their rapid and often dangerous currents;—as we survey all these varied scenes of the historic days of a country, still in the early phases of its national development, we may well be proud of the achievements of the men of the two nationalities who, in the course of centuries, were the Makers of the Dominion. We may fairly claim that its annals are exceptionally rich in fascinating episodes which may well arrest the attention of the novelist and poet. From Louisbourg to Mackinac, Canada has a rich heritage of associations that connect us with some of the most momentous pages of the world's history. The victories of Louisbourg and Quebec belong to the same series of brilliant events that gave to England a mighty empire in America and Asia, and recall the famous names of Chat-ham, Clive, and Wolfe.

In the series of historical papers of which this is the first, it will be my endeavour to recall the names and services of those men who, above all others in the annals of Canada, are associated with its discovery, its colonization, and its material, social and political conditions down to the present day when the Dominion may fairly claim a place among the nations of the world. In pursuance of this interesting task I am called upon to deal with certain well-defined epochs of Canadian history. First, there was that century of vague historical details, when sailors and explorers from many lands first ventured into the gulf and valley of the St. Lawrence. Next came that epoch of colonization and settlement under France which lasted for a century and a half, and was replete with many heroic and picturesque features. Then followed the cession of Canada to England, and that era of political

and constitutional struggle for a larger measure of public liberty which ended in the establishment of responsible government about half a century ago. Finally, I shall be called upon to refer to the beginning of that all-important epoch which dates from the federation of the Provinces—an epoch of which only three decades have passed—of which the signs are still full of promise, despite the predictions of gloomy thinkers, if Canadians face the future with the same courage and confidence that the Makers of Canada always showed in their varied and adventurous careers.

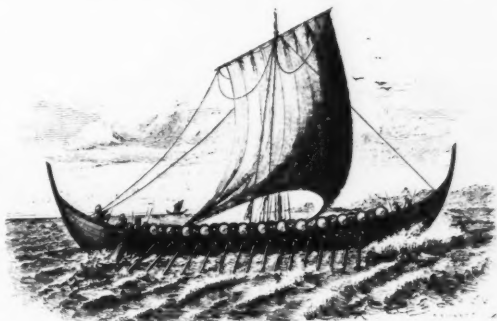
#### THE NORSEMEN.

The veil of mystery that enveloped North and South America for untold centuries, until Columbus ventured into the "Sea of Darkness" and gave a colonial empire to Spain, appears to have been lifted for awhile by the Norsemen—bold rovers of the sea from immemorial times. These were men of the same race which gave to England her present historic name, and to her people their love for maritime adventure. In certain Sagas, or presumably historical narratives of Iceland, we have evidence to show that these brave sailors, fitting representatives of the Vikings of old, notably Biarne Heriulfson and Leif Ericsson, whose fathers were the first Icelandic settlers of Greenland at the end of the tenth century, discovered new lands somewhere in north-eastern America, five centuries before Columbus landed on those southern islands which have ever since borne the name of Antilles, in recognition of that mysterious Antillia which has always eluded the search of adventurous mariners in the great unknown western ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Many books and essays have been written on those Icelandic Sagas which are not merely collections of poetic folklore, but appear to contain a vague though credible narrative of events that actually occurred in the early history of Iceland and Greenland. Much learning and speculation have been devoted to the elucidation

of the narratives of the famous voyages which the Norsemen are believed to have made between 986 and 1012 to the shores of Labrador, Newfoundland, Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, and as far as some part of New England. The countries which are described in Sagas as Helluland or land of rock, as Markland or land of wood, and as Vinland or land of Vines, may have been Labrador, Nova Scotia and Massachusetts. It seems undeniable that such voyages were made, and the Norsemen were the first Europeans who saw the eastern shores of Canada. Being inured to the sea, they handled with great skill vessels which were even safer and more manageable than the clumsy caravels in which Columbus led the way to the discovery of North and South America. Greenland, from which Leif and his compatriots sailed to Vinland, is easily accessible to the countries which they are believed to have visited; and it is nothing strange that, when once Bjarne had brought to Greenland an account of new lands which he had found by accident, other adventurous sailors in late years should have succeeded in reaching Vinland.

It is certain, however, that no permanent settlements were made by the Norsemen in any part of those countries, and their voyages do not appear to have in any way influenced the action of Columbus. They were forgotten for centuries, until the Sagas in which they were hidden were studied and given to the modern world by Thorfæus and Rafn, Scandinavian scholars of repute, whose researches have been followed up by many indefatigable students who have expended much ingenuity on a subject, undoubtedly full of charm and interest, and at the same time as elusive as the *Fata Morgana*.

Lief Ericsson's memory has been rescued from oblivion by the erection of an appropriate monument in one of the



NORSE SHIP OF TWELFTH CENTURY.

squares of the city of Boston.\* One enthusiastic antiquarian, some years ago, even built at his own expense a stone tower on some doubtful ruins which had been unearthed on the banks of the Charles river near Boston, and which he confidently believed were the remains of one of the settlements which the Norseman founded in Vinland, and to which he gave the name of Norumbega, that fabulous city which so long eluded the search of credulous sailors in those by-gone centuries when America was still a continent of mystery.

#### COLUMBUS AND CABOT.

Centuries later than the Norse voyages, Portuguese mariners sailed around the southern cape of Africa and found their way to India, China and the Spice Islands. Columbus then was stimulated by a bold and restless ambition to reach the rich countries of Cathay and Ind by what he believed was the shortest route—the unexplored western ocean with its mysterious islands. After the successful voyages of Columbus, Spain and Portugal attempted to divide between them, with the full authority of the Pope of Rome, all those lands which the courage and enterprise of their maritime adventurers had discovered, when suddenly there appeared on this great field of maritime exploration an Italian sailor, Giovanni Cabota, and England, through

\*See Frontispiece. For fuller information, see "Discovery of America, by Norsemen." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1888.



SEBASTIAN CABOT.

his agency, took the first step in the direction of that remarkable maritime enterprise which, in later centuries, was to be the admiration and envy of all other nations.

John Cabot was a Genoese by birth and a Venetian citizen by adoption, who came, probably during the last decade of the fifteenth century, to the historic town of Bristol, long famous in the story of English maritime adventure, and well described as "seeming to swim on the waters." The discovery of the islands now known as the "Antilles" by his great countryman impelled Cabot to seek English aid for a new venture to a mysterious west. He was confident he could find, by a more northerly route than that taken by Columbus, those rich Asiatic countries which were, for so many years—for more than a century after the voyages of Columbus and Cabot—the

great incentive to maritime adventure and exploration. Eventually he obtained from Henry VII. letters patent, under date of March 5th, 1496, granting to himself and his three sons, Lewis, Sebastian and Sancio, the right to navigate in any direction they pleased under the English flag, and "at their own cost and charges seek out and discover unknown lands," and to acquire for England the dominion over the countries so discovered. Early in the month of May, 1497, John Cabot sailed from Bristol in a ship called "The Matthew," and manned by English sailors. In all probability he was accompanied by Sebastian, then a young man of about 21 years of age, and who in later times,

through the credulity of his friends and his own garrulity and vanity, took that place in the estimation of the world which his father now rightly fills. Sometime towards the end of June they made a land-fall on the northeastern coast of North America—the exact site being still a matter of controversy.

John Cabot returned to Bristol with the news of his discovery, and was received with much honour. Henry VII., a parsimonious king, recognized the enterprise of the Italian navigator by giving a largesse of £10 "to him that founde the new Ile," a geographical designation showing the current belief of those times that such discoveries as Columbus's and Cabot's were islands or lands adjacent to the rich countries of Asia. A Venetian, Lorenzo Pasqualigo, wrote to his brothers at Venice: "A Venetian has come back and says he has discovered, 700



leagues off, the mainland of the Grand Cham, and that he coasted along it for 300 leagues and landed. He is called the great Admiral, great honour being paid to him, and he goes dressed in silk. The discoverer of these things has planted a large cross in the ground with a banner of England and one of St. Mark, as he is a Venetian, so that our flag has been hoisted very far away."

The king was much pleased by Cabot's success, and gave him new letters-patent authorizing him to fit out a second expedition for fresh exploration in the "lande and iles of late founde by the said John in oure name and by oure commandmente." Sebastian, also, probably sailed with his father in this expedition, which consisted of five well-armed ships, victualled for a year and manned by 300 men. It left Bristol some time in the July of 1498, but while it is now generally believed by the best investigators that Cabot coasted the shores of North America from Labrador or Cape Breton as far as Cape Hatteras, we have no details of this famous voyage, and are even ignorant of the date when the fleet returned to England. It is probable that John Cabot died during the voyage, and from this time forward his son Sebastian appears alone in historic records.

#### THE CABOT MAPPEMONDE.

There is a remarkable paucity of authentic documents relating to these two voyages which laid the basis of the claim of England to so large a portion of North America. We have not even the handwriting or portrait of John Cabot to interest us in those days, though Sebastian has left both behind him. The official documents are the two letters-patent, and a few entries in the privy purse accounts of Henry VII. and his son. The rest of the historical information must be gathered from such second-hand sources as letters from London to Spain and Italy, reports of conversations between Sebastian and his friends, and some vague notices in English chronicles and collections of

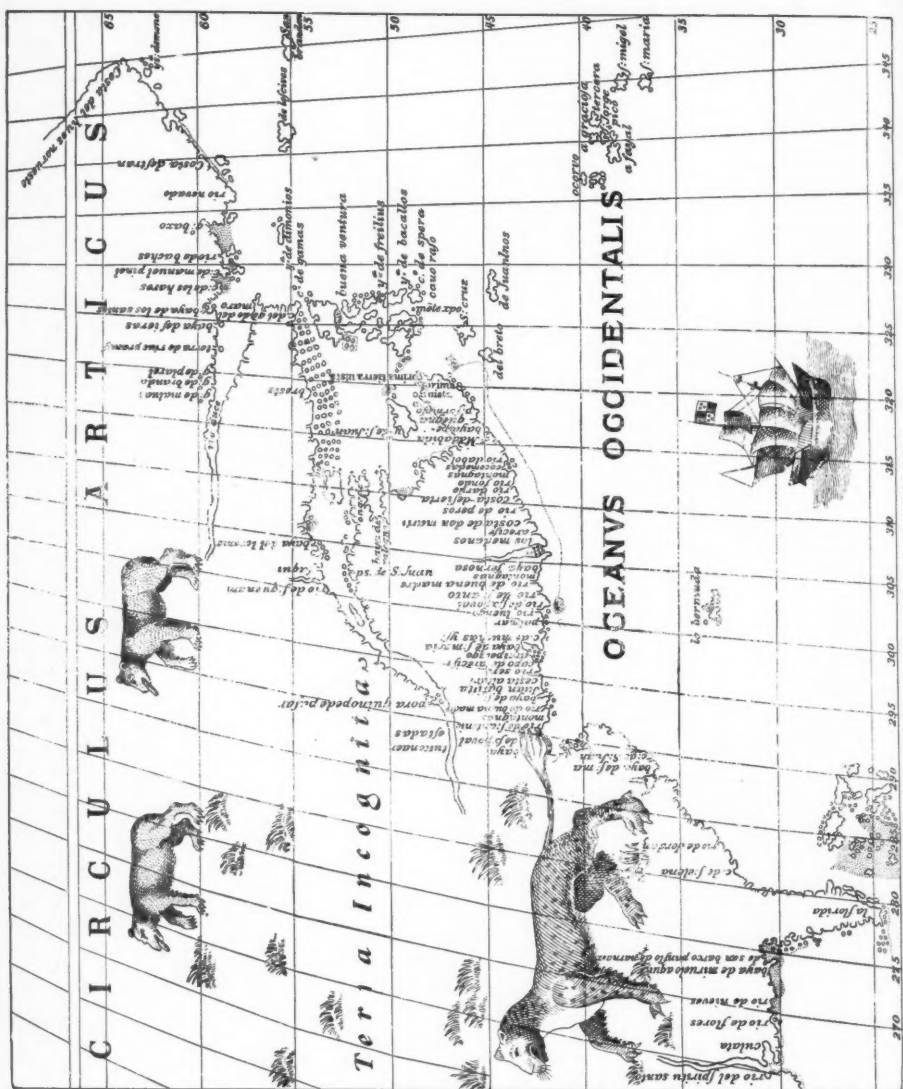
voyages. It is well known, however, that John Cabot left behind him a "description of the world on a chart and also on a solid sphere, which he had constructed, and on which he shows where he has been." This map was sent to Spain by her ambassador, and, no doubt, formed the basis of the *mappe monde* which the famous pilot, Juan de la Cosa, made in 1500, and in which due recognition is given of the discoveries of the English under Cabot by a line of English flags along what is clearly the coast of North America, and by such designations at the north-east as *mar descubierta por los ingleses*, and *Cayo de Ynglaterra*—geographical expressions probably referring to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Cape Breton or Cape Race.

It is also shown by Hakluyt that Sebastian Cabot made or suggested in later years a map of the discoveries of himself and his father, copies of which



BRISTOL'S TRIBUTE TO CABOT.

were to be seen in "many ancient merchants' houses," as well as in Queen Elizabeth's gallery at Whitehall. No such map can now be found in England, but in 1843 one was discovered in the house of a Bavarian



curate, and is believed with some reason to show the landfall of 1497. It bears twenty-two legends in Latin and Spanish. One refers specifically to the discovery of June 24th, 1497. Hakluyt prints the same legend with one or two interpolations—a habit of this famous compiler—and gives us

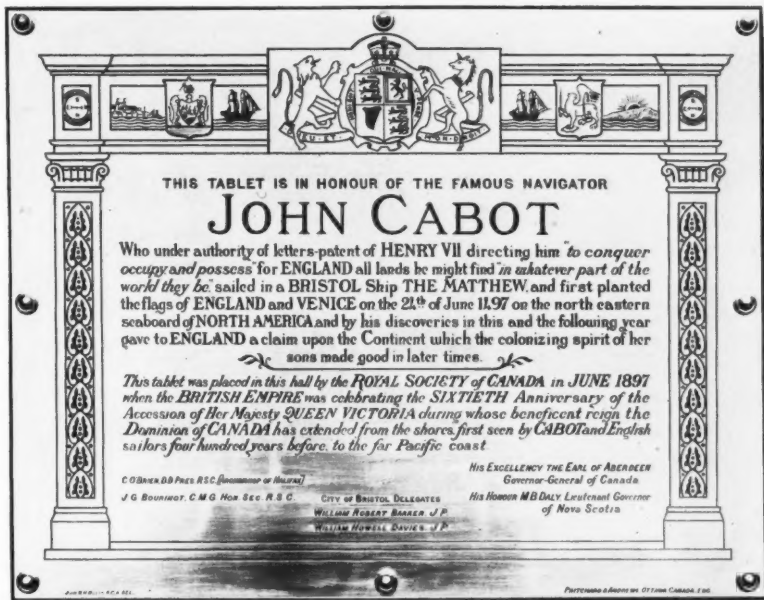
other evidence that the map of 1843 is probably one of the maps which were generally ascribed to Sebastian Cabot and were seen in many places in London. It is impossible to enter into the controversy which has been waged for years with respect to the authenticity and value of this mappemonde,



and I may simply say that the weight of authority goes to show that the section delineating northeastern America shows the discoveries of Cortereal and Cartier up to the date of 1544, and clearly places the landfall on the Island of Cape Breton. Sebastian Cabot probably gave the information which formed the basis for the map, if he did not actually draw it himself, and must have also suggested the legend which refers to the discovery of *Prima Vista* on St. John's day. The actual site of the landfall will always be a matter of controversy unless some document is found among musty archives of Europe to solve the question to the satisfaction of the disputants who wax hot over the claims of a point near Cape Chidley, on the coast of Labrador,

Breton. One of the weightiest essays on the question has been written by Dr. S. E. Dawson,\* who, with much learning and critical acumen, argues in favour of Cape Breton—the most eastern point of the island of that name—and of the Isle of Scatari, as Cabot's landfall, and the island stated in the legend to be "over against" (*ex adverso*), the *Prima Vista* of the disputed map.

On the 24th of June, 1897, the people of Bristol laid the foundation of a stately monument in honour of Cabot on Brandon Hill, which recalls that mysterious Island of St. Brandon, for which the adventurous sailors of the old seaport sought in vain long before the voyage of 1497. On the same day the Royal Society of Canada placed with appropriate ceremonies a



of Bonavista, on the east shore of Newfoundland, of Cape North, or other point on the Island of Cape

breton. One of the weightiest essays on the question has been written by Dr. S. E. Dawson,\* who, with much learning and critical acumen, argues in favour of Cape Breton—the most eastern point of the island of that name—and of the Isle of Scatari, as Cabot's landfall, and the island stated in the legend to be "over against" (*ex adverso*), the *Prima Vista* of the disputed map.

\*Trans. Roy. Soc. Can., Vol. XII, O.S., and Vol. II, N.S., Sec. 2. Archbishop O'Brien, in his presidential address at the Cabot celebration, took issue with Dr. Dawson on certain points and assumed an original ground while adhering generally to the Cape Breton theory. See Trans. for 1897, Vol. III., N.S. The Royal Society has taken the lead in this interesting discussion among scholars of Europe and America.

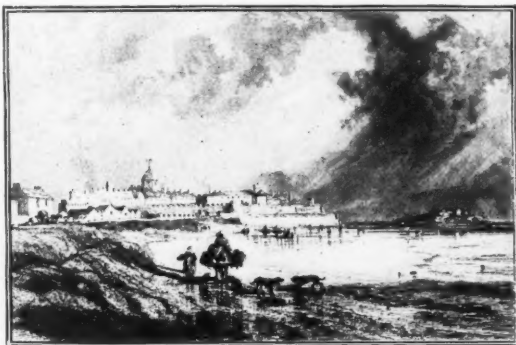
of the landfall of 1497, Halifax was properly chosen as a neutral ground on which all disputants might happily meet, without giving up their respective theories.

The Royal Society did not identify itself, on the occasion of the June celebration, with any of the theories of the several disputants, but called upon each and all to meet on a common ground of action and join in paying a just tribute to a great navigator whose claims to fame are tersely set forth in an inscription whose historical truth will be generally admitted by the student of those old times. On a beautiful specimen of brass work, decorated by the arms of England, Bristol and Venice, and other appropriate emblems, we find very emphatic words which may be read on the reproduction of the tablet on the preceding page.

#### OTHER EXPLORERS.

For forty years after the Cabot voyages, French, Portuguese, and

the history of maritime adventures, found their way to the banks of Newfoundland and even to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, for the sake of the great fisheries which have always abounded in those waters.



ST. MALO, FRANCE.

The Portuguese Cortereals, Gasper and Miguel, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, were lost somewhere on the coast of Labrador or Newfoundland, but not before they gave to their country a claim to the New Lands. This claim can be traced in the many names that are found on the shores of Newfoundland—especially on the east coast, although their settlements, wherever they may have been—probably on Cape Breton—do not appear at any time to have been more than temporary fishing stations which soon disappeared before the greater enterprise and energy of the French in the Gulf and surrounding lands. The Bretons, always noted for their love for the sea, from the earliest times of which we have any authentic record, frequented the same prolific waters and probably gave their name to the picturesque Island of Cape Breton, as well as to



FROM AN OLD LITHOGRAPH.

JACQUES CARTIER'S MANOR HOUSE AT LIMOILLOU,  
NEAR ST. MALO, (INTERIOR VIEW.)

Spanish sailors, and even some from the west coast of England, always associated from this time forward with

the same prolific waters and probably gave their name to the picturesque Island of Cape Breton, as well as to

the mainland for many years in the old geography of that region.

The Basques have also made a claim to this honour on the evidence that there is a cape of the same name on the French shore of the Bay of Biscay. Be this as it may, the Basques, a people of great antiquity, certainly sent their venturesome sons at a very early date to the "newe-founde-land." The existence of the Basque name of "Baccalaos" for stock or cod fish, even as early as the days of Cabot, is advanced with some reason as substantiating the claim of this people to the earliest discovery. It is not within the limits of this paper to enter into the domain of mere speculation, and all one can safely venture to say is that the Basques, like the Bretons and Normans, were probably among the first to fish in our waters, although there is not sufficient testimony to warrant the assertion that they discovered the northeastern shores of the continent before John Cabot.

Giovanni da Verrazano, a Florentine by birth, who had for years led a daring life on the sea, sailed along the coasts of the present United States and Nova Scotia. Although we have no satisfactory details of this voyage, it gave a shadow of a claim to France, under whose authority he sailed. Estevan Gomez, a Spaniard, made also a voyage to North America a year after that of Verrazano, but neither Portugal, nor France, nor Spain availed themselves, to any appreciable extent, of the discoveries of the adventurous navigators I have named. Fishermen of these nationalities alone ventured to the waters of the New Lands that lay so far to the north of the rich southern countries first won by Spain. The hope of finding a northwest passage to the riches of Cathay was the great stimulus to maritime enterprise and exploration for many years after the discovery by Cabot.



JACQUES CARTIER.

#### JACQUES CARTIER.

It was probably through this belief that Francis the First of France was induced to authorize the expedition of Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo—that ancient town on the rugged granite coast of Brittany, so famous for its bold seamen. Here at last we emerge from the mists of tradition and hearsay that surround the voyages of Cabot and his successors to North American waters, and have access to trustworthy records which, despite some vagueness as to localities, enable us to follow the Breton sailor in his explorations, which commenced in 1534. His first voyage in the summer of that year did not take him beyond the Gulf of St. Lawrence, probably then definitely known to sailors as the "Square Gulf," where\* he visited the Magdalen Islands (Allezay), Isle Brion, so named in honour of the famous admiral under whose authority he was sailing, the bays of Chaleurs and Gaspé, Anticosti and other islands. At Gaspé he took possession

\*See Justin Winsor's reference to the Sylvanus map in "Cartier to Frontenac," pp. 10, 11.

of the country for France, and soon afterwards returned to France by the Straits of Belle Isle, by which route he had entered the gulf, without having any knowledge of the great river and valley whose portals he reached when he rounded the dreary shores of Anticosti.

In the following year he returned with three vessels, far inferior in tonnage to the fishing schooners of our Maritime Provinces. The results of this voyage were most important for France and the world at large. The great river of Canada was then discovered by the enterprising Breton, who followed its course from the gulf as far as the rapids, which barred further progress beyond the Island of Montreal. After he had anchored his vessels and established a post near the Indian village of Stadacona, now Quebec, he visited Hochelaga. Here he gave the appropriate name of Mont Royal to the beautiful height which dominates the picturesque country where enterprise has, in the course of centuries, built a city famous for its public edifices, its churches and convents, its colleges and school-houses, its mansions, its warehouses, and its quays on which is yearly landed a large proportion of the mer-



FROM AN OLD LITHOGRAPH.

CARTIER'S SHIP.

chandise required to supply the wants and necessities of the great region of which it is the commercial metropolis.

At the time of Cartier's visit Hochelaga was an important Indian town, probably of the Huron-Iroquois family, who appear, from the best evidence before us, to have then inhabited the banks of the St. Lawrence, whilst the Algonquins, who took their place in later times, dwelt to the north of the river. The town was circular in form and protected by palisades and galleries from which stones could be hurled against a foe. The entrance was by a single gate into a square on which were a number of long wooden houses, covered with bark, as well as store-houses for maize and other food. Hochelaga is the first example we have in history of the villages and methods of living of those famous communities who dwelt in their "long houses," (ho-de-no-sote)\* between the Genesee and the Hudson Rivers in the present State of New York, and played so important a part for a century and a half in the rivalry between the French and English on the continent of North America.

Cartier found in the neighbourhood of Hochelaga cultivated fields on which maize and vegetables were grown. After a short visit to the friendly Indians of Mont Royal Cartier returned to his headquarters near Quebec, on the left bank of the Lairet at its junction with the St. Charles river, then called the Sainte-Croix. Here before his departure for France Cartier raised a cross, thirty-five feet in height, with the inscription :

FRANCISCUS PRIMUS  
DEI GRATIA FRAN-  
CORUM REX REGNAT.

The name of Canada—obviously the Huron-Iroquois word for Kan-nata, a village—began to take a place on the maps soon after Cartier's voyages. It appears from his *Bref Récit* to have been applied

\*See Bourinot's "Story of Canada," Chap. II.

at the time of his visit to a kingdom or district, extending from Ile aux Coudres, which he named on account of its hazel nuts, on the lower St. Lawrence, to the kingdom of Ochelay, west of Stadacona; east of Canada was Saguenay, and west of Ochelay lay Hochelaga, to which the other Indian communities were tributary.

After a winter of much misery Cartier left Stadacona in the spring of 1536, and sailed into the Atlantic by the passage between Cape Breton and Newfoundland, now appropriately called Cabot's straits on modern maps. He gave to France a positive claim to a great region whose illimitable wealth and possibilities were never fully appreciated by the king and people of France in the later times of her dominion. Francis was unable to authorize another expedition for some years to the new lands, which the Breton Captain had discovered, in consequence of his quarrel with Charles V. of Spain. At last, in 1540, he gave a commission to Jean Francois de la Rocque, Sieur de Roberval, to act as his viceroy and lieutenant-general in the country discovered by Cartier, who was elevated to the position of Captain General and Master Pilot of the new expedition. As the Viceroy was unable to complete his arrangements by 1541 Cartier was obliged to sail in advance, and again passed a winter on the St. Lawrence, not at Stadacona but at Cap Rouge, a few miles to the west, where he built a post which he named Charlesbourg-Royal. He appears to have returned to France some time during the summer of 1542, while Roberval was on his way to the St. Lawrence. Serious doubts have been thrown on the good faith of Cartier towards the Viceroy, and it seems sufficiently proved that they met in one of the harbours of Newfoundland, and that Cartier stole away secretly rather than return to the St. Lawrence. Be that as it may, Roberval found his way without his Master Pilot to Charlesbourg-Royal, which he re-named France-Roy, and where he erected buildings of a very

substantial character, in the hope of establishing a permanent settlement. His selection of colonists—chiefly taken from jails and purlieus of towns—was most unhappy, and after a bitter experience of the difficulties that prevented his success he returned to France, probably in the autumn of 1543, and then disappeared from Canadian history.

It is said that Cartier made another voyage to the St. Lawrence with the object of bringing back the Viceroy, but we have no details of the expedition, and certainly if it were ever made it had no influence on the fortunes of the valley of the St. Lawrence. The Breton Captain appears to have won fame, but he made no further attempt to explore the valley he had given to his country. He passed the remainder of his life either in the town of St. Malo or at his picturesque, though rude, manor house at Limoilou, a few miles from the famous seaport. He died in the year 1557, and his wife survived him for eighteen years. He was not blessed with children of his own, though he attempted to find some compensation by a frequent attendance at the baptism of his friends' children, as we see his name constantly appearing in the registers of such pleasant events in the home of the Breton folks. His portrait is shown with pride to strangers by the good people of the town which will be always associated with his successful career in America. His voyages show him to have been at once courageous and discreet as a sailing commander and an explorer, while the few details we have of his private life prove him to have been a good Catholic and citizen. His name has been perpetuated in the nomenclature of the country which he first revealed to the world, and on the spot where he passed his first winter in Canada has been erected a monument\* on which appears the following inscription:

\* This monument has also an inscription relating to the Jesuit Missionaries, who had a residence at the same spot.



"JACQUES CARTIER,  
ET SES HARDIS COMPAGNONS  
LES MARINS  
DE LA GRANDE HERMINE,  
DE LA PETITE HERMINE,  
ET DE L'EMERILLON,  
PASSERENT ICI L'HIVER  
DE 1535-36."

Cartier did not bring back to France news of the north-west passage to Asia, which he had ever in his mind, or evidence of the existence of gold or silver mines in the valley he had found. The crystals of limpid quartz which have always given the name of Diamond to the noble heights of Quebec turned out to be no more valuable than pieces of glass. The stories of precious metals in the kingdom of Saguenay had no other foundation than the fertile imagination or mendacity of Donnacona, the Indian Chief of Stadacona, who was treacherously carried to France, and had probably thought to please the French adventurer by such tales. On the other hand, the accounts which Cartier took home of the fertile lands on the river banks, of noble trees and varied flora, of grape vines, fruits and nuts, of fields of maize around the Indian villages, sufficed to prove to his countrymen that he had discovered a region of valuable natural resources.

#### NOMENCLATURE OF 16TH CENTURY.

But from the date of Cartier's last voyage until the beginning of the seventeenth century, a period of nearly sixty years, nothing was done to settle the lands of the new continent. The intestine and religious strife, into which France was plunged for so many years, prevented the fitting out of any official expedition to the northern territory of America, as the new continent was already called by two of the most famous geographers of those days, Mercator and Ortelius, in the valuable maps which they gave from time to time to an inquisitive world. Fishermen, however, continued to frequent the great gulf, which was called the "Square Gulf," or "Golfo quadrado," or "Quarré," on some European maps until it assumed, by the end of the six-

teenth century, the name it now bears, the name Saint Laurens having been first given by Cartier to the harbour now known as Sainte Geneviève (or sometimes Pillage Bay) on the northern shore of Canada, and gradually extended to the gulf and river. The name of Canada now appeared on the geography of the day, although it was as often as not limited to the district first mentioned by Cartier, while the great region claimed by France was generally called Nova Franca, Nova Gallia or Francisca. Before the end of the sixteenth century we see on all the maps the names of Boa Ventura, S. Paulo, Boa Vista, Labrador and others rightly attributed to the Portuguese voyages and which still cling to the east coast of Newfoundland. The name of Labrador, or land of the labourer, was first given after the second voyage of Gasper Cortereal, who brought back a number of natives who were considered by those who saw them as "admirably calculated for labour." Cape Freels, a northern head of Bonavista Bay, obviously originated from Illia de frey luis, which is seen on a Portuguese map as early as 1504, and probably recalls the memory of a priest who accompanied the Cortereals, whose name is also given to a large section of north-eastern America for many years. Cape Race is seen in its original Portuguese form, Cavo Razo or Flat Cape, and in its variations of Raso, Rasso, or Raze, until in a later century it assumed the English form which so effectively conceals its old meaning. The Basque Baccalaos, now confined to an islet on the northeast coast of Newfoundland, was the name either of northeastern America or of the great island itself. "Rio fondo," or "Bahia fondo," or "fonde," is seen on the present Atlantic coast, and probably indicates a Spanish origin for the Bay of Fundy, though it is also claimed for the Portuguese. Cape Breton begins now to be well defined as an island and the name disappears from the mainland. Belle Isle, Chaleur, Bryon, St. Laurent, St. Pierre (off Newfoundland) take their place permanently on the maps, and

attest the influence of the French voyages. Saguenay, Hochelaga, Canada recall the Huron-Iroquois, inhabitants of Cartier's time. All these geographical designations are so many milestones of history.

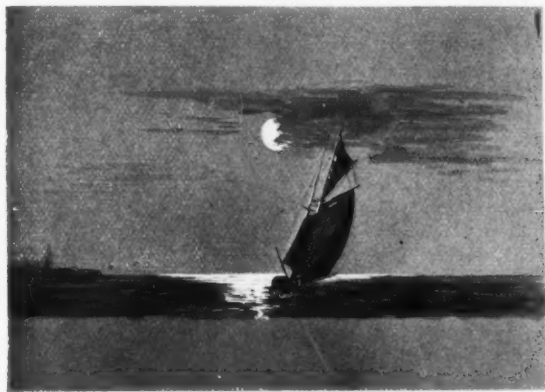
#### THE ELIZABETHAN EXPLORERS.

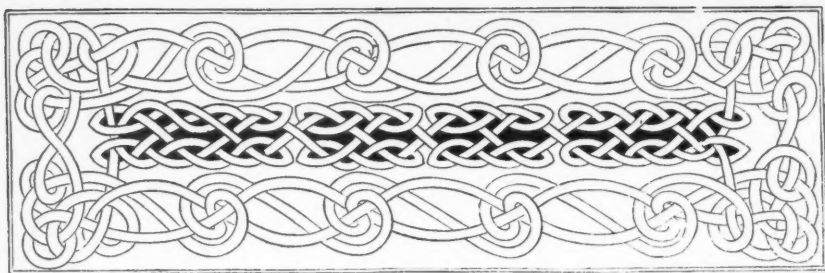
In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the English took a leading part in that maritime enterprise which was to lead to such remarkable results in the course of three centuries. The names of the ambitious navigators, Frobisher and Davis, are connected with those Arctic waters where so much money, energy and heroism have been expended down to the present time. In 1578 Sir Francis Drake circumnavigated the globe, and gave the name of New Albion—as we see by the Hakluyt-Martyr map of 1587—to a region on the Pacific coast, which he appears to have visited as far as some point in northern California or southern Oregon. Under the influence of the great Raleigh, whose fertile and bold imagination was conceiving plans of colonization and settlement in America, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, his brother-in-law, took possession of Newfoundland on a hill overlooking the harbour of St. Johns, where English ships, chiefly from the west coast of England, were

now to be found in large numbers during the fishing season. English enterprise, however, did not extend for many years to any other part of north-eastern America than Newfoundland, which was even called Baccalaos on the Hakluyt map of 1597, though the present name appeared from a very early date in English statutes and records. The island, however, for a century and longer was practically little more than “a great ship moored near the banks during the fishing season, for the convenience of English fishermen,” while English colonizing enterprise found a deeper interest in Virginia with its more favourable climate and southern products. It was England's great rival, France, that was the pioneer, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, in the work of exploring and settling the valley to which the Breton sailors had shown the way.

Champlain, a sailor of the old province of Saintonge, a man of greater genius than Cartier or Roberval, was destined to be the Maker of New France, and to lay the foundations of the Province which exercises so much influence in a Dominion now known, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by the name of the Indian community that was dwelling on the banks of the St. Lawrence three hundred and sixty years ago.

*(To be Continued.)*





## THE PREMIERS OF ONTARIO SINCE CONFEDERATION.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE TORONTO "GLOBE."

### I.

JOHN Sandfield Macdonald, Edward Blake, Oliver Mowat and Arthur S. Hardy are names that will wear well in Canadian history. To all four we may apply Mark Antony's phrase, without Mark Antony's sneer, "They are all honourable men." John Sandfield Macdonald died on the very threshold of Confederation. His sharp, lean face and gaunt frame are unknown to this generation, and there seems danger that he may sink below his real place in the history of the country. John Sandfield Macdonald was an opponent of Confederation. All through the Confederation debates one finds his rasping gibes, his sardonic humour, his keen, severe, unimpassioned analysis of the men and the methods of thirty years ago, and his cold doubt of the political advantages of the union settlement. His was a cool, practical Scotch nature; there was no fervour in his patriotism and nothing sanguine in his outlook. Naturally his temper was out of touch with the bold plans and luminous expectations of the fathers of the union movement, with the hopeful mood and impulse of that time; and as we entered upon the new era we seem to have parted with Sandfield Macdonald. It is true that he was the first Prime Minister of Ontario and held office for a full Parliamentary term; but he died before he became a real factor in confederated Canada, and his administration of Provincial affairs was

so brief and so lacking in sensation that his name is not written deeply in the annals of this Province. It may be, too, that his name is neglected and his fame obscured because of his later alliance with Sir John Macdonald. Throughout by far the greater part of his public career Sandfield Macdonald was a Liberal—according to the phrase of Sir John Macdonald, a Reformer, but not a Grit—and Liberals could not be reconciled to his alliance with the Conservative leader after Confederation; while probably among Conservatives there was some feeling that a trained, disciplined and orthodox Conservative should have become First Minister of the Province in association with the Conservative Prime Minister at Ottawa. It is quite likely that Sandfield Macdonald, while he had ceased to be an accepted leader of the Liberals, did not survive the new conditions long enough to thoroughly bed himself in the affection and confidence of the Conservative party. Partisans, while quick to avenge a desertion, are slow to divide their inheritance and slow to kneel at the feet of new idols. Thus neither party in Canada has been zealous to establish and preserve the memory of John Sandfield Macdonald.

### II.

In political management, if not in real statesmanship—for George Brown was at least as great a figure—Sir John Macdonald was the master mind



of the coalition Government which sat at the cradle of Confederation. More than once he struck mortal blows at his opponents by detaching their leaders. During the deadlock and throughout the union negotiations he showed wonderful skill in consolidating his own forces and in dividing his opponents. The coalition itself was a consolidation of Conservatism and a disruption of Liberalism. But in all his career there is no finer exhibition of political management than the plan which made John Sandfield Macdonald, with his tradition of Liberalism and his record for prudent and careful management of affairs, First Minister of a Province which had been the stronghold of Liberalism, whose people desired only straightforward business government, and had little thought of direct financial advantage from the scheme of union, while he established himself at Ottawa to carry on the large expenditures and plan the ambitious projects for which the new Provinces looked as the natural outcome of Confederation. It was not in Ontario that the campaign pledges were to be fulfilled, and that was a task that Sir John Macdonald never entrusted to an associate or a subordinate. As early as 1858 Sir John Macdonald had approached Sandfield and offered him a place in the Macdonald-Cartier Government, and in Pope's *Life* we have Sandfield's laconic telegram in reply: "No go." But he was dealing with a master at negotiation, and in due time we have the remarkable historical development that a Liberal, an opponent of Confederation, became the first Prime Minister of Ontario after the union by choice of Sir John Macdonald, and later this opponent of union accompanied Sir John Macdonald to Halifax to join in persuading Joseph Howe, another opponent of Confederation, to accept the union settlement.

### III.

We have never had a politician who could practise economy in office equal to John Sandfield Macdonald, as we have never had a politician who could

make a public expenditure yield as many votes as could Sir John Macdonald. No doubt the economy of the rule of Sandfield in Ontario would have tempered the more generous policy of the Conservative leader at Ottawa. But Sandfield Macdonald over-played his part and the combination broke down. He had hoarded a surplus of millions, and was showing first-rate thrift and judgment in his administration of the affairs of the Province. But even Ontario felt the influence of the booming tendency, so manifest in the earlier days of Confederation, and the Liberals demanded that he should devote these idle millions to railway building and to the relief of the municipalities, and craftily presented him to the country as a block to progress and prosperity. Public sentiment, too, was inflamed by the assassination of Scott at Fort Garry in the first Riel rebellion, little as the question had to do with the politics of Ontario, and the Government gave occasion for effective attack by maintaining the right of the Executive to select railways to be aided and to determine the location of public buildings without seeking the approval of Parliament. It was charged that the Sandfield Macdonald Government treated the surplus as a party fund, and that particular communities were made to understand that it was necessary to elect the Ministerial candidate in order to secure railway aid or to become the site of a Provincial institution. It was in connection with the appeal of Strathroy to have the county of Middlesex divided and Strathroy made a county town that Sandfield is said to have asked the historical question, "What the h— has Strathroy ever done for me?" The general election which closed Sandfield Macdonald's term of office was fought with spirit and with unusual bitterness. The mass of the Liberals were deeply incensed over the Provincial Premier's alliance with Sir John Macdonald, and the murder of Scott gave free rein to sectarian passion. Sandfield came back from the country with a small majority, but with characteristic strong-headedness he called the House to-



FROM AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH.

JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD.

gether when eight of his supporters had been unseated by the courts, and was voted out by the Opposition under the able and skilful leadership of Edward Blake.

#### IV.

His defeat was a severe blow to the veteran statesman. He had a profound conviction that he deserved well of Ontario. And he did. While his government of the Province was wholly without sensational features he was by no means unprogressive, and to his Ministry we owe the foundation of the Agricultural College, the Institute for the Blind, the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, the Central Prison, and increase of the asylum accommodation. He could easily have believed, notwithstanding his association with the Conservative leader at Ottawa, that his thrift and his progressive measures would have commanded the confidence of the Liberals of Ontario. But the Liberals were feeling profoundly that they had been worsted in the Confederation adjustments, that all of George Brown's splendid work for the union had

brought no political advantage to the Liberal party, and that the capsheaf of their humiliation was the establishment in the Liberal Province of Ontario of a coalition Government more or less in sympathy with Sir John Macdonald. Then, we must remember that Sandfield Macdonald had to meet the splendid resource of Edward Blake and Alexander Mackenzie, and that Sir John Macdonald was at Washington engaged in the negotiation of the Washington treaty, and

could not direct and counsel the Provincial leader. For that matter, it is not at all sure that he would have taken advice even from Sir John Macdonald, or that he would have profited greatly by the Dominion Premier's intervention in the campaign. The plain policy of the Liberal leaders was to unite the Liberal party and throw it in a solid mass against the coalition Government, and there is no doubt that this plan of campaign was developed with skill and judgment, and that here was the main factor in the overthrow of Sandfield Macdonald. In a letter written at the time, and which appears in Pope's *Life*, Sir John Macdonald said: "I need scarcely say that I look upon the defeat of Sandfield's Administration as a most unfortunate event, of which one cannot see the result. There is no use in 'crying over spilt milk,' but it is vexatious to see how Sandfield threw away his chances. He has handed over the surplus, which he had not the pluck to use, to his opponents; and although I pressed him on my return from Washington to make a President of the Council and a Minister of Edu-

cation, which he half promised to do, yet he took no steps towards doing so. With those two offices, and that of Solicitor-General and the Speakership, he had the game in his own hands. You see that, as I prophesied would be the case, the first act of the new Government was to increase the Cabinet." It was a frequent remark of Sir John Macdonald in later years that he would never be bought out with his own money like Sandfield.

## V.

Mr. Macdonald was first elected to Parliament in 1841 as member for Glengarry. He was re-elected in 1844, and in 1848, 1852 and 1854 he was returned without a contest. Later he sat for Cornwall, and was succeeded in Glengarry by Mr. D. A. Macdonald. In 1849 he became Solicitor-General in the Lafontaine-Baldwin Administration. He was made Speaker at Quebec in 1852. He was selected for a portfolio in the Brown-Dorion Government, that phantom of a day which was refused a dissolution by Sir Edmund Head, and is memorable as giving opportunity for the "double shuffle." When dissolution was refused, the old Ministers returned to office by effecting an exchange of portfolios under a clause in the Independence of Parliament Act providing that in case a Minister should resign a particular portfolio and accept another within a month after the resignation he need not go to his constituents for re-election. Mr. Pope, in his *Life of Sir John Macdonald*, makes an able and determined defence of

this transaction, but it is not at all likely that history will accept Mr. Pope's argument. Mr. Brown had the right to demand a dissolution and the privilege of appeal to the people, and it was an unworthy trick for Ministers who had resigned office as a body to return to place and escape going to the country by the paltry subterfuge of a temporary exchange of portfolios. It will be remembered that by a second shuffle the Ministers at once regained their old departments. The best evidence that can be offered in condemnation of the double shuffle is that public opinion forced the repeal of the provision in the Independence of Parliament Act under which the plot was carried out. In the abortive Brown Administration Oliver Mowat was named as one of Mr. Brown's Ministers, with Sandfield Macdonald as a colleague. In May, 1862, the Cartier-Macdonald Administration resigned office, and Mr. John Sandfield Macdonald was asked to form a Government. He was not the leader of a party, and there was sur-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF 1892.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE.



FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

SIR OLIVER MOWAT.

prise at his selection. The great issue of the day was representation by population. The overthrow of the Cartier-Macdonald Government was largely due to dissatisfaction in Ontario with the Government's attitude on that question, but Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, on the vital issue of the hour, had supported the defeated Administration. However, he accepted the responsibility of forming a Government, and, although his policy fell far short of the full Liberal programme, Mr. Foley, who had been leader of the Opposition; Hon. William McDougall, who then ranked as an advanced Liberal; Mr. Sicotte, the recognized leader of the Liberal party in Lower Canada, and Mr. D'Arcy McGee, who had been a strenuous opponent of the Cartier-Macdonald coalition, were persuaded to join the new Administration. The Government did not adopt the Brown policy of representation by population, but in order to conciliate Ontario resorted to the system of the double ma-

jority, under which no measure particularly affecting either Province was to be forced upon the Province affected except by vote of the majority of its representatives. It was during the session of 1863 that Mr. R. W. Scott's bill extending the privileges of Separate Schools in Ontario was introduced, and, notwithstanding the principle of the double majority, and that the measure was opposed by 31 of the members from Upper Canada, while only 22 votes from this Province were cast in its favour, it was accepted by the

Government. Here was a violation of the basic principle on which the Government was proceeding, and, no doubt, the acceptance of this legislation by the Administration hurt its prestige in the Upper Province. Under George Brown the Liberals of Ontario had been educated to a severe distaste for Separate Schools and all manner of sectarian institutions. The Government could not exist except by the favour of the Liberals of this Province, and on the eve of the dissolution of 1863 changes were made in the Cabinet designed to make it still more acceptable to the Liberal party. Mr. Dorion became leader for Lower Canada and Mr. Holton, Mr. Huntington and Mr. Oliver Mowat joined the Administration. But the dependence of the Ministers on their opponents on the two vital issues of Representation and Separate Schools had a demoralizing effect. The Government lost steadily in the bye-elections, and on March 21, 1864, resigned.

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## VI.

Mr. Sandfield Macdonald's administration of the affairs of Canada, like his later administration of the affairs of Ontario, was clean, careful and progressive, and in a time of constitutional calm and settled political conditions his day of authority would have been prolonged. He could govern well under established forms, but his mind was slow to receive revolutionary schemes of constitutional change. There is little breadth, and not even the clear evidence of consistent purpose, in his speeches against the plan of Confederation. Much can be said in favour of his argument for submitting the plan of union to the test of a general election, but he stops here and nowhere takes hold of the question with the clear vigour of a statesman, and argues it down by a plain presentation of facts and a clear statement of conclusions. He seems rather to stand aside with a sneer on his face, and in much that he says there is the mere irony of contempt for the plans and prophesies of the builders of Confederation. But this was his mood all through life. He had, as I have said,

the patience and the determination to do good work with the tools in hand, but he had no time to give to the fashioning of new implements, and seemed to feel that constitution-mongering was a pastime for theorists rather than the practical business of governing statesmen. Although a Roman Catholic, he was, in the main, hostile to Separate Schools, and, notwithstanding his acceptance of the Scott measure extending the privileges of Separate Schools in Ontario, he offered an amendment during the Confederation debates vesting in the provincial legislatures the absolute authority over education. But this was a small inconsistency on a question on which almost every leading Canadian politician for generations has trimmed and shifted and tumbled, in sympathy with the varying gusts of popular passion.

John Sandfield Macdonald was the idol of Glengarry. He could speak the Gaelic in the homes of the people, and neither appeal nor threat, even from their spiritual leaders, could detach his co-religionists from his standard. Scotch Catholic though he was,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF 1865.



SIR OLIVER MOWAT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF 1883.



he was superior to all narrowness of creed, and even Scotch Protestant Liberals, in whom still burned the fervour of Knox, forgot his creed in his nationality, and so long as his Liberalism was held inviolate adhered to his fortunes with simple and unquestioning fidelity. Broken by disease in early life, still for a score of years he played a great part with unfaltering courage under the very shadow of death, and when the curtain fell on his little tragedy he left to his country a public fame unsullied by any fellowship with political ill-doing, and a record of useful and faithful public service.

#### VII.

Mr. Edward Blake, who had led the Liberal party in Ontario since 1868, succeeded to the Premiership and was First Minister from December, 1871, to October, 1872. He held the office for only one session of the Legislature, and amongst the chief acts of his Administration were a measure of railway aid, an increase in the grant for education, a bill abolishing dual representation, and a measure appropriating a part of the revenues of registry offices for public purposes. In consequence of his measure abolishing dual representation Mr. Blake was forced to decide whether he should sit in the Local Assembly or the Federal Parliament, and he and Mr. Alexander Mackenzie elected to go to the House of Commons. For many years afterward Mr. Blake was one of the great forces in Canadian affairs, but fate seems to have willed that he should never again give his name to an Administration in this country. This, it seems to me, means immeasurable loss to Canada. Mr. Blake has the mind and the genius of a great administrator. It may be that he is not so well equipped for the part of a leader in Opposition. In truth it seems an ill caprice of fortune that set this managing and governing mind to a long warfare in Opposition in Canada and to a far less hopeful struggle for an unpopular cause in the Imperial Parliament. One doubts if this continent has bred a more opulent mind than

that of Edward Blake. He ranks with Webster and Hamilton and Beecher. His early appearances as a young lawyer in the courts and before the Parliamentary committees were astonishing exhibitions of intellectual opulence. He was first nominated for Parliament by a convention of the Liberals of South Bruce, held at Riverdale on April 11, 1867. The Hon. Archibald McKellar was present in the interest of Mr. Blake's candidature, not so much as the representative of Mr. Blake as of the leading minds of the Liberal party, who had recognized his great ability and were eager to have him accept a seat in the Legislature. Mr. Blake made his first speech in the campaign at Mildmay, and the second at Walkerton. At each meeting he was accompanied by the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. It is said that Mr. Blake's speech at the Mildmay meeting was a revelation to the local Liberals, and was the birthspring of an enthusiasm for the candidate that bore down all resistance, and inspired every worker with an energy that set the riding aflame. They tell of one stern old Reformer who came out of the meeting with his face luminous and saying over and over again, "A gran' mon; a gran' mon; he canna be kep' back. Pit him in! aye, we weel thot. We couldna keep him oot. He'll pit himself in." But it was a desperate fight. At Riverdale, on the night of election, there were some hours of doubt and anxiety. The returns came in slowly, and the first figures were not as favourable for Mr. Blake as was expected. Mr. Blake himself was profoundly concerned, and his friends showed much more plainly their intense and painful anxiety. When the full figures did come to hand it seemed impossible for the committee in their state of eager excitement to figure out the result. One made a majority for the Conservative candidate. A second figured out a majority of three for Mr. Blake. A fourth raised his majority to some other figure. A fifth got some other result. No safe conclusion seems to have been reached that night. It was the same

at the Conservative headquarters. Finally, however, Mr. Blake told his friends that he would risk a speech on it anyway, and he went out on the platform of the hotel and, amid tumultuous cheering, returned his thanks for the victory achieved. The official returns gave Mr. Blake a majority of seven. Close, we may say, but still very satisfactory in a constituency that was deemed safe for the Conservative candidate. In the same election he was returned by West Durham to the House of Commons.

## VIII.

Throughout the stormy days of the Pacific scandal Mr. Blake's voice rang through the country, and his stern arraignment of Sir John Macdonald, in the great debate which closed with the Conservative leader's resignation of office in the fall of 1873, is one of the most overwhelming speeches ever delivered in the Canadian Parliament. That and many of his later speeches would take high rank in any Parliament in the world. He had office in the Mackenzie Administration, and under his direction very important steps were taken in the assertion of the self-governing rights of Canada. His was the measure which demanded for the Canadian Parliament the authority to pass upon the legislation of the home Government providing for the extradition of criminals in so far as such legislation affected Canada, and asserting the right of Canada to make independent extradition arrangements with the United States, and by negotiation with the Colonial Office he secured a revision



HON. ARTHUR S. HARDY.  
*Premier of the Province of Ontario.*

of the instructions to the Governor-General by which that Imperial officer was shorn of independent authority in Canada and made the obedient mouth-piece of the Canadian Ministry on all questions other than those of Imperial concern. The Mackenzie Government in negotiating the Brown reciprocity treaty and in the fisheries arbitration persuaded the home authorities to give Canada direct representation on the Imperial Commissions, and later, as leader of the Opposition, Mr. Blake submitted a resolution declaring the right of Canada to negotiate her own commercial treaties. In fact, the assertion of the full self-governing power of Canada was the dominant note of Mr. Blake's work as a Federal Minister and as leader of the Liberal party, and it is interesting to speculate how the relations between Canada and the mother country would have developed if he had become the head of a Canadian Cabinet. There are some evidences that Mr. Blake is not wholly satisfied with the colonial status of Canada. A quarter

of a century ago, in a memorable speech, he seemed likely to become the pioneer evangel of an Imperial federation. He was thought to be in touch with *The Liberal*, a bright and progressive journal, organ of a group of advanced Liberals, which enjoyed a short but luminous day, in the early years of Confederation, and was at least friendly to the idea of Canadian independence. But whether or not Mr. Blake ever gave serious countenance to a movement for independence, it seems safe to conclude that he is a Federalist rather than an Imperialist, and that in any plan of federation he would very clearly assert the self-governing rights, the positive political equality, of the colonies. Not once during the years that he has sat in the Imperial Parliament has he broken silence with the language of Imperialism. There is, perhaps, a chord of sympathy with the idea in the speech he made at a Jubilee dinner a few weeks ago, but even there he suggests the theory of self-governing autonomous kingdoms for Ireland and the colonies rather than a great central Parliament vested with authority over the widely-separated parts of the far-spreading British Empire. His ideal is full and free local self-government, and few public men of any time have been more faithful to their ideals than Edward Blake.

## IX.

Mr. Blake was in poor health, and so was not at his best during the term of the Mackenzie Government. He seemed to lack heartiness for his work and to be sparing of his public services. In 1873 he joined the Cabinet as Minister without portfolio; he withdrew from the Government in 1874, he became Minister of Justice in 1875, resigned that office in September, 1877, to accept the Presidency of the Council, and early in 1878 again withdrew from the Cabinet. He was out of the country during the campaign of 1878, which ended so disastrously for the Liberal party, and, as evidence of the overwhelming strength of the Conservative reaction, his own seat in Bruce was lost and for a time his voice was not

heard in the Commons. But the agitation within the Liberal party for his return to Parliament was eager and persistent. It found voice in many of the leading Liberal journals, private letters poured in upon him from all parts of the country, and he found it impossible to resist the organized demand of his party. He was elected for his old constituency of West Durham in Nov., 1879, and at the close of the session of 1880 he became leader of the Liberal party of Canada. Then began the great struggle between Edward Blake and Sir John Macdonald for the first place in the confidence of the people of Canada. Twice Mr. Blake went down before the Conservative leader, and then, worn out and broken in health, he withdrew from the contest and victory remained with his great rival until the latter met at Earncliffe the foe that mortal man has never vanquished. This is perhaps not the place to discuss the methods of rival politicians, nor to analyze too closely the causes of Mr. Blake's failure. It is doubtful if history will speak well of the redistribution measure of 1882, or of the franchise measure of 1885. But even under equal conditions Sir John Macdonald would have won the election of 1882. Business was good in older Canada, the Northwest was in the throes of a boom whose tracks can still be traced in broken foundations, dismantled castles and phantom town-sites all across the Western country, and all over Canada protection seemed justified of its works. A remarkable expansion of manufacturing industry and a condition of abounding business vitality united the staple interests of the country in support of the new fiscal policy, and in the face of these conditions Sir John Macdonald was invincible. But there is no question that the mass of Liberals had an abounding faith in Mr. Blake, and it was with something like a shock that Liberals learned that he had not summarily unhorsed Sir John Macdonald in the Dominion as he had summarily overthrown John Sandfield Macdonald in Ontario. It was unfortunate for Mr. Blake that more was expected



of him than mortal man could hope to achieve.

X.

Mr. Blake's failure in 1877 was due to the very strenuous hostility of the protectionist manufacturers, the lavish promises of public works by the Administration, a policy with which the Liberal leader would have no compromise, and the deep feeling excited by the second Northwest rebellion. While Mr. Blake's position on the execution of Riel may have gained him some support in Quebec, there is no doubt that in the English-speaking Provinces the enthusiasm of many thousands of Liberals was checked, and probably many votes that he would have received under other circumstances were not cast or were given to the candidates of the Government. It may be that the Government's administration of Northwest affairs was faulty, feeble and even corrupt, but the truth is the country did not believe that there had been neglect and failure of duty grave enough to justify rebellion; in general estimation Riel was a plotter, an adventurer, if not a murderer, and behind his turbulent figure stood the martyred Scott. In the main public opinion then and now justifies the execution of Riel, and on this issue, which bulked so largely in the campaign of 1887, Mr. Blake fought in the teeth of public sentiment. But he fought magnificently. There is nothing in the political literature of Canada, if we except his own speeches against the bargain with the Canadian Pacific Syndicate, equal to his great series of addresses in Parliament and in the country on the execution of Riel and the mismanagement of Northwest affairs by the Macdonald Government. His voice was heard in every constituency in Ontario and at many points in Quebec, but while he forced a sullen recognition of his great powers from the most venomous and inveterate of opponents he could not overcome the prejudice and sentiment of the country. It is the simple truth, too, that the Liberal treasury was empty, there was no party fund even for legitimate expenses,

while his adversaries, as later events have shown, distributed an enormous campaign fund throughout the country. Then Mr. Blake had strongly antagonized the Orange Order, a great political force in Canada, and its lodges naturally enough laboured with untiring zeal to accomplish his defeat, while his strong and eloquent championship of the cause of Catholic Ireland brought no corresponding political advantage. Some of us question why home rule for Ireland should be made a chief issue in the affairs of Canada, but Mr. Blake, by devoting his time, fortune and intellect to that cause, has proved his passionate attachment to the movement for Irish self-government. Mr. Blake felt this second defeat very keenly, and towards the close of the Parliamentary session of 1887 he resigned the leadership of the Liberal party, with energy exhausted and health impaired, and at the general election of 1891 he did not seek re-election to the Canadian Parliament. A year later he accepted a seat in the Imperial Parliament as the Irish member for South Longford.

XI.

Now and then one may hear the shallow remark that Mr. Blake was a failure in Canada. The truth is that on almost every great question of public policy time has justified his position. Mr. Blake and Sir Oliver Mowat made Canada a federal union in spite of Sir John Macdonald. On land policy and railway policy he saw beyond his time, and the future holds for him a still ampler vindication. In his gospel of generous dealing with French and Catholic he was the apostle of a better era. In his Spartan integrity he gave us a noble example of the best type of British statesmanship. He was austere. We thought him cold. We felt in Sir John Macdonald the kinship of a common humanity. We felt that Mr. Blake was always "on the side of the angels." As an intellectual figure Canada has had few sons that she could match with Edward Blake, and smaller men felt sometimes that his imperial mind betrayed itself in intellectual im-



SIR WILLIAM R. MEREDITH.

*Formerly Leader of the Ontario Opposition ; now  
Chief Justice of the Province.*

patience, if not in intellectual arrogance. We knew that he had Gladstone's moral elevation, but were not so sure that he had Gladstone's moral enthusiasm. We did not understand that in the one the enthusiasm was displayed, in the other concealed. A master of Parliamentary strategy, an unequalled power in the House of Commons, loved by his followers on the Liberal benches as devotedly as ever Sir John Macdonald was loved by his supporters, he still could not get so close to the people as his great rival, he could not make a worshipper here by a shrug of the shoulder, there by a shake of the hand, yonder by a skilful word that would penetrate to the very core of a man's self-esteem. As ambitious as Sir John Macdonald, he did not seem to confess it so frankly, and many a time his towering ability was checkmated by the simple manifestation of Sir John Macdonald's humanity.

Laurier and Macdonald are the greatest party leaders that Canadian politics have developed, but for sheer intellectual force Edward Blake is at least not the inferior of either, and in that penetration and resource which belong to the purely legal mind, he probably has no peer in Canadian history.

## XII.

As a speaker Mr. Blake has remarkable force and fluency. His faults are that he is too exhaustive, and that he tends to over-preparation and over-elaboration. But in law, in the direction of the affairs of the University, in all that he undertakes, he is thorough. He cannot overlook a point or abridge any branch of an argument, and the characteristics which mark his work before the courts also distinguish his addresses to Parliament and from the platform. It was

said that as leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons he left nothing to his lieutenants, and that he undertook the condensation and presentation of a mass of detail that could have been safely committed to other hands. There is point in the criticism. This is something which must be learned by the leaders in every field, and if Mr. Blake had been able to distribute the work and responsibilities of the leadership he would have borne better the physical strain of his political labours. Then, he seemed to speak under a sense of restraint, with a check-rein upon his emotions. He has a keen and searching wit, at times a thoroughly happy humour, but he used it sparingly. He has a remarkable power to rouse men and send their blood leaping and plunging, but as a rule he confined himself to calm, restrained, convincing argument. He persuaded to conviction rather than

stimulated to enthusiasm. He seemed determined to win men by their reason and to spare their emotions, to show always the temper of a statesman and never that of an agitator. This was admirable, but sometimes it was not good politics. Once at least in the House of Commons he slipped the rein, and the incident has never been forgotten. During the memorable struggle over the franchise bill the House had sat without rising from 3 o'clock on Thursday until midnight on Saturday. The Government knew that Mr. Blake would not speak for even five minutes into Sunday morning, and it was determined that he should not be allowed to close the debate. A Conservative speaker got the floor, and under instructions not to allow Mr. Blake to get on his feet before midnight, spoke up to five minutes of 12 o'clock and then sat down, amid the cheering of the delighted Ministerialists. But Mr. Blake jumped to his feet and filled the five minutes at his command with fiery eloquence and swift denunciation of the tactics of the Government, crowded columns into sentences, gave himself utterly to the fervour of the moment, and at the stroke of 12 dropped into his seat amid such a tempest of cheering and enthusiasm as Parliament has rarely witnessed. It was a wonderful performance, and it was a rare delight to see this great, calm, pitiless logician quite abandoned to human passions and emotions. It was seldom that we saw him thus. The picture we know best is that of a man of giant frame and serious aspect, towering and impressive, facing a great meeting, pouring out a stream of severe, classic English, broken into sentences of many parts and of curious complexity, but never obscure or incomplete, driving home his argument, piling proof upon proof and fact upon fact, now rising into noble eloquence, now stern with reproof, now big with counsel and prophecy, seeming always to stand as one discharging a solemn responsibility and holding to as solemn account the people who must determine the issue of the contest. Mr.

Blake's pre-eminence in Canada was undisputed, and although an Irish member and a colonist, both disadvantages at Westminster, he has won his way to an honourable position in the Imperial Parliament. It is likely that he would stand out in clearer light and in less disputed eminence if he were an orthodox Liberal, a straight Conservative, or even represented an English constituency and gave himself freely to the discussion of English and Imperial questions. But even as it is his power is acknowledged and his authority respected. There is no doubt that his recent great speech on the over-taxation of Ireland had a cordial reception. I know it to be true that although the argument was necessarily severe and burdened with statistics, history, law and political economy, it was received with marked attention and consideration; that many old Parliamentarians declared they had never known a greater performance; that Mr. Blake had warm congratulations from all quarters, from Conservatives, Healyites, Parnellites and Irish Unionists, and that the speaker's success was unequivocal and complete.

### XIII.

We need no better test of Mr. Blake's greatness than that he recognized the greatness of Oliver Mowat and Wilfrid Laurier. His was the determining voice that made the one Prime Minister of Ontario and the other leader of the Liberal party of Canada. In each case his judgment has been triumphantly vindicated. Sir Oliver Mowat is a native of Kingston, that nursery of Canadian statesmen, and in his earlier years served in the law office of Sir John Macdonald. He gave his first public service in the City Council of Toronto, and in 1857 was elected to the old Parliament of Canada as member for South Ontario. He was selected by George Brown for a place in the Brown-Dorion Government, and later was a member of the Macdonald-Dorion Administration. In the fall of 1864 he became Vice-Chancellor for Upper Canada, and this office he resigned in

October, 1872, to become Premier of Ontario. The office of Prime Minister of this Province he held for nearly 24 years, until July, 1896, when he resigned the trust he had administered so long and so well to become a member of the Liberal Administration then forming at Ottawa. The annals of free government give us no other political career of such unvarying and unbroken success. But we do not go far for the secret of his remarkable political fortune. Sir Oliver Mowat ruled always in the mood of the people. Frank, sincere and straightforward, he is still as wary a politician as ever lived. The temper of Ontario, like that of every other well-to-do community, is conservative. It is only in times of social distress, or under conditions of political tyranny that communities are radical. The progressive politician may sometimes lead a prosperous people, but a contented community never, or its own motion, drives on to great political reforms. Sir Oliver Mowat was always careful to keep step with public sentiment. Now and then he took a step in advance. But he kept the people in sight and always remembered that the stable, conservative elements of the population held the balance of political power in this Province. He was in sympathy with all advanced movement, but he knew that the wise reformer does not invite reaction by putting a passing clamour into legislation. It has often been charged that Sir Oliver Mowat was a Tory masquerading in Liberal attire, and a common view was that Sir William Meredith was a better Liberal than the leader of the Liberal Government. But Meredith was in Opposition; Mowat was in office. The politician in office is governed by the practical, the politician in Opposition by the theoretical. The programme of the first is based on what it is possible to achieve, and that of the second on what he would desire to achieve. Both Sir Oliver Mowat and Sir William Meredith are Conservative-Liberals, and Meredith in office, not from design, but from force of circumstances, would probably have been

much less radical than Meredith in Opposition. Sir Oliver Mowat's chief service to Ontario, and the chief feature of his life-work from the perspective of history, is his part in determining the true bearings of the Canadian constitution. He stands as the pillar of federalism in Canada. His keen legal mind marked the limits of federal authority, and time and again he was sustained by the first court of the empire. In the field of legal legislation he was active, and no one doubts that he greatly simplified the law, cheapened litigation and expedited the machinery of the courts. But here there is still work to do, and, while we all acknowledge the value of Sir Oliver Mowat's amendments, some of us feel that the measure of change was out of proportion to the measure of reform. He was bitterly hunted through three general elections for his Separate School legislation and his generous treatment of Catholic institutions, and there is no better tribute to his own character and to the Liberalism of this Protestant Province than the signal failure of these inflammatory campaigns to move the great body of the electorate. For half a century this country has been periodically bedevilled by wars of race and creed, our Protestantism has been constantly on edge, and, with a leader less trusted and honoured, who knows but panic might have struck into the zealous Protestantism of Ontario, overwhelmed the Liberal Government, and perhaps imperilled the structure of Confederation?

#### XIV.

No doubt the rock of defence was the absolute integrity of the Mowat Administration. We may recognize Sir Oliver Mowat as a wily politician, watch his wary distribution of patronage, appreciate his keen analysis of political conditions and his keen scent for popular feeling, but these are simply the qualifications of an expert, and why should we condemn the politician because he has thoroughly learned his business? We have a right to ask that patronage shall be distributed without scandal. We have no right to

ask that it shall be distributed without judgment. But when we have set aside this class of criticism, the stock criticism of oppositionists, we must all admit that from the dawn of Confederation to this moment not one public scandal of real magnitude has marked the administration of the affairs of this Province, and to Sir Oliver Mowat, more than to any other man, we owe our gratitude for this splendid record of plain, honest and straightforward business government. He has made a standard by which all future Governments must be judged, and that standard is one of the best possessions of this community. It is true he enlarged the sphere of government, created new departments and new institutions, new offices if you will; but this is evidence of his progressive mind, not of his prodigality. We live in a humaner age, and we must meet its demands. We are saving the children, caring for the afflicted, reforming the criminal, and we must have the best reformatory machinery, the best institutional equipment, to hold our advanced place among Christian communities. So in these days of fast transportation the nations of the earth stand very close together, and we must have the best processes in agriculture, the best knowledge of conditions, the best facilities for production, if we are to keep step with our rivals and hold our own in the world's markets. The people are imposing new tasks and new responsibilities upon Governments, and under Sir Oliver Mowat in Ontario these new tasks and duties were bravely assumed and well performed. Sir Oliver Mowat was an alert and vigilant politician. He did not profess contempt even for newspaper charges, and he was always careful not to let a false report get headway. He is not one of the most attractive of speakers, but his speeches read well, his argument is always lucid and straightforward, and no matter how long a debate may go on before he intervenes, he is able to introduce fresh matter and to bring new strength to the position. He was a firm but conciliatory Parliamentary leader, quick

to meet a challenge, quick to make re-tort, but rarely dipping his tongue in bitterness, and seldom resisting a reasonable request from the Opposition. Creeping up to foreshore years, we find him still serving his country, a good, wise, brave, kindly old man, beloved by the party in whose fortunes he has borne so triumphant a part, and held in honour and esteem by his fellow-countrymen of every race, creed and party.

## XV.

In all the work of government in Ontario for over twenty years Mr. Hardy has done useful, honourable and distinguished service. His personality is unlike that of Sir Oliver Mowat, his political integrity is as great, his public record as free from blemish. He managed the public institutions of the Province wisely and well, he was a prudent and capable Minister of Crown Lands, he is an able and progressive Attorney-General. He is perhaps less wary than Sir Oliver Mowat, he may not have all of his old chief's patience, he may say no to the promoter and subsidy-hunter in blunter and more emphatic fashion. But the country loses nothing by these characteristics. He is very loyal to associates, but neither for private friendship nor party advantage has he ever sacrificed the public interest. The truth is that few politicians make so small profession before the people and yet so rigidly adhere to the strictest demands of business administration. Now and then his speeches betray an unexpected depth of sympathy and an insight into the real problems of life that are not always revealed in the practising politician. He has read deeply and thought deeply, and has gone to the heart of many problems that most of us treat as reserved for social reformers and philosophic economists. He is a party man on the platform, but in Council and in his department he is a sincere and conscientious public servant. This estimate may not be accepted by his political opponents, although when he succeeded to the Premiership it was found that during twenty



years of administration of important departments he had not put his hand to a transaction that would not bear the closest and keenest investigation. Mr. Hardy at his best is one of the finest platform speakers that has ever appeared in the politics of Ontario. Sharp, strong, fluent, with a biting sarcasm and an excellent gift of humour, he has an unusual power of rousing the enthusiasm of a party assemblage, and in his younger days he struck hard blows at his opponents and perhaps did little to moderate the temper of political controversy. In later years he has softened the tone of his platform addresses, and in Parliament he has shown a power of lucid statement, force of reasoning and superiority to mere partisan subterfuge that make his the most authoritative voice in the Legislature. He is perhaps a more progressive Liberal than Sir Oliver Mowat, and under his Premiership we may look for a sympathetic hearing for labour, for agriculture, for the workers of shop and field, for all interests upon which depend the welfare of the masses; but we need not look to his speeches for the rant of the demagogue, nor to his legislation for the recognition of impracticable theories and the all-healing projects of political pre-millennialists. Nor will he be stampeded by inflammatory clamour from press or platform. He will give the country a practical, progressive business administration, and will rest his case on the average common sense of the community.

## XVI.

Mr. Hardy has carried through the Assembly probably one hundred and fifty bills, covering the whole field of Provincial legislation. He was for many years Chairman of the Municipal Committee, and it is doubtful if any other man in the Province has such a thorough knowledge of our municipal system. His name is connected with important measures amending the railway law of the Province, with amendments to the Division Courts Act and with an act reducing the number of grand jurors. His was

the measure providing that in civil cases ten jurors may give a verdict. He carried through the Legislature the act establishing the Provincial Board of Health. He has made many improvements in the administration of justice in criminal matters, and has done much to perfect the laws touching insurance and the organization of joint stock companies and waterworks and gas companies. Measures respecting private lunatic asylums, an industrial refuge for girls and the reformatory for boys, and an act relating to religious institutions became law under his supervision. He has fathered measures touching distress for rent and taxes, providing for the establishment of houses of industry and industrial farms and respecting the offices of Police Magistrate and Sheriff. His name is associated with much of our advanced legislation for the regulation of the liquor traffic and the enforcement of the liquor laws of the Province. In the Department of Crown Lands he has promoted measures providing redress for damage to lands by flooding, touching the floating of timber down streams, free grants and homesteads, culling and the measurement of saw logs, the examination of cullers, the settlement duties by purchasers of land and a lien for wages by woodmen. An important measure passed in 1892 for the protection of the Provincial fisheries is the work of the Attorney-General. He established the Bureau of Mines, and his hand has shaped most of our recent mining legislation. As showing the progressive character of his mind, it is enough to say that perhaps no other community in the world has made such wise provision for reserving for the uses of the public a fair percentage of the revenues from the mining country. His were the measures establishing the Algonquin National Park and the Rondeau Park in Kent. In 1892 he consolidated the municipal and assessment acts. He introduced the measure reducing the number of County Councillors, a first important step toward the reduction of our excessive governmental

machinery, and he is responsible for the law affecting cities of over 100,000 population under which the Board of Control was established by the Council of Toronto.

A native of Brant, Mr. Hardy was first elected to the Legislature from South Brant at a bye-election in 1873, and has held the seat through six general elections. He joined the Government as Provincial Secretary in 1877, and was Commissioner of Crown Lands from January, 1889, to July, 1896, when he succeeded Sir Oliver Mowat as Premier and Attorney-General of the Province. He did not accept knighthood a few months ago,

not, I fancy, out of any special aversion to titles, but simply because he prefers the democratic simplicity of Canadian citizenship. Whatever may be our party affiliations we may surely rejoice that this able native Canadian holds so well the chief place in the first of the Canadian Provinces, that his public record is one of which Ontario need not be ashamed, and that great as was the loss sustained by the withdrawal of Sir Oliver Mowat and Sir William Meredith, we need not fear but Mr. Hardy and Mr. Whitney will well maintain the dignity and character of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario.

*J. S. Willison.*

#### A TRIBUTE TO ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

WE children of another clime,  
Yet hail thee Queen of "Mother-land."  
We view the glories of thy reign—  
Thy wise and just command.  
And in this land, America,  
We cry: "God bless Victoria."

God bless and save thee, noble Queen,  
We honour thee as best we may;  
The honours which the years have brought,  
Grow brighter with each day.  
And we, though of another name,  
Join in thy praise and loud acclaim.

We've watched with pride the sixty years,  
That thou hast ruled as England's Queen;  
As monarch, wife and mother, thou  
A model to the world has been.  
In this thy year of Jubilee,  
We join the praise the world gives thee.

Victoria, the Great, the Good;  
Long may thy years of ruling be;  
For when at last thy race is run  
The world entire will mourn for thee;  
A mourning such was scarcely given  
To other mortal under Heaven,  
As will be paid to England's Queen,—  
The best the world has ever seen.

*Elizabeth D. Jewett.*

Hampton, Conn.



## THE FINGER OF THE DEVIL'S HAND.

*With Three Illustrations by H. W. Murchison.*

**I**N the summer of 188—, I, Philip Gray, an overworked parson whose parish lay in the East end of London, had accepted the offer of a young artist to share, for a month, the lodgings he had taken in a farmhouse in the little village of Fairfield-by-the-Sea, in Hampshire, England.

Accordingly, after a somewhat tiresome journey, the last ten miles of which had to be performed in the carrier's van, we found ourselves walking, in company with Farmer Bray, our host, along the village street, which ran near to, and parallel with, the coast.

Philip Morton greeted the farmer heartily. He had spent some time with him a few years back, and was welcomed as an old friend. Bray was a handsome, stately man of sixty—my own age—but a life of much stress and toil made me appear ten years his senior. Morton was twenty-six, a tall, vigorous, young fellow; not handsome, but with a face that somehow made you feel he wore "the white flower of a blameless life."

We stopped at the farm-house, a long, low, rambling building at the western extremity of the village street. It was covered with ivy, and pink and white roses which nodded in at every diamond-paned window. A garden in front of the house filled the air with perfume; an orchard lay behind, protected from the sea-breezes by a high wall. A little door in this wall admitted one to the beach, and beyond was the sea.

"Nell," called the farmer, as he threw open the garden gate. A young

woman of about twenty-five answered his summons, and escorted us into the best parlour, where a simple but tempting meal awaited us. When we had done ample justice to it, we lighted our pipes and went into the garden.

It was a lovely night in June. Before us lay, bare, clean fields, from which the hay had been newly cut. Still farther north, the wheat, fast ripening, lay in sheets of golden green. The perfume of the wild rose and honeysuckle filled the air. The sounds of insect life, the parting songs of the birds, the murmur of the sleeping sea, alone broke the charmed stillness.

Morton had already told me all he knew of his host. The farmer had been twice married. The girl I had seen was the only child of his first wife. The second wife had died in giving birth to a daughter, and this child had been brought up by the mother's friends in London, and had only once visited her father's home. Ellen, on the contrary, had never left it.

The farmer and Ellen joined us after a time, and we all sauntered down to the beach. I looked at Ellen with some interest, as she walked on by Morton's side. She was tall, finely proportioned, and well developed. Her hands were roughened by work, and her cheeks were sunburnt; but the face was a striking one. The brow was the brow of a poet, high, broad and thoughtful; the dark hazel eyes were clear and deep; the lower half of the face was not equal in beauty to the upper part. Her hair, dark, glossy, and plentiful, was brushed away from



her forehead and coiled at the back of her head.

The tide was out when we reached the shore. The beach, covered with stones, sea-weed and flotsam and jetsam of all kinds, looked dreary and uninteresting.

"There is the 'Finger of the Devil's hand'," said Morton. "Isn't it an appropriate name?"

About six feet from the high water mark, and, save for one point, covered by the water at high tide, was a mass of rock. It bore, indeed, some resemblance to a huge upturned hand, clenched, save for the index finger, which pointed upwards.

"Climb up!" suggested Mr. Bray. We followed him cautiously over the slippery stones. At the base of the rock he showed us rough steps, and a rude balustrade of iron chains and rods. We ascended. Fastened by iron clamps to the "Finger" was a strong iron pole, from which an iron cage, well above the highest water, swung and creaked in the breeze; other chains hung from the pole. The farmer seized one, and fastened it about his waist. "Nell, here," he said, "has three times done this, and filled yon cage with wood soaked in paraffin oil. It makes a blaze that lasts long enough to warn off a boat. Till we built this make-shift light-house many a good little craft, caught in a sudden squall, had been dashed into splinters by these rocks. It's pretty calm in this bay, but the rocks can't be seen at high water, and that's where the danger lies."

We looked at Ellen; she did not blush, or seem embarrassed. "I have done it three time, as father says," she observed quietly. "He has done it thirty."

"I hope you'll have a pleasant summer here, Mr. Gray," said the farmer, as we re-entered the orchard. "We shall have no other visitors except yourselves, only my daughter Clarissa is coming in July to spend her holidays with us."

Later on in the evening, in passing from the parlour to my own room, I

saw Ellen sitting idly by the kitchen table, her hands clasped under her chin, her face upturned. I was struck afresh by the severe beauty of her brow and cheeks, and by a certain mournful pathos in the dark eyes—a look of wistful longing that made me wonder what her life could lack.

The golden days of June slipped away one by one. The ripe corn stood waiting for the sickle. The scent of the honeysuckle grew richer; the song of the nightingale more passionate. It was a luxury to be alive—and idle. I found the simple, patriarchal life of the old farmhouse delightful. In Ellen's grave presence was an undefined and nameless charm; and I discovered the secret of the look of unrest and sadness in her eyes.

This girl had inherited from her Puritan ancestors a strong and keen and almost passionate sense of duty; a conscience so refined and sensitive that it permitted the neglect of no known duty, excused no weakness, palliated no offence. Through some freak of heredity she had also come into the world possessed of a love of beauty for its own sake, which, under happier circumstances, might have made her an artist or a poet. But, taken early from the village school to be her father's housekeeper, and given charges and authority beyond her years, she had never arrived even at the borderland of that world of art and poetry which would have yielded her so much of joy. To her mind it was a sinful weakness that made her long to stand idly at her window gazing at the surging sea and listening to the music of the waves. She half grudged herself the time she spent among her flowers; she was doubtful altogether of the lawfulness of the joy with which sunset and dawn, the song of the birds, the perfume and colour of the flowers, the grand outlines of the hills, the marvel and mystery of the ever-changing sea, the glory of autumn sunsets, and the hush of summer nights, would fill her soul. She had read nothing but her Bible, her prayer book and the Pilgrim's Progress in all her busy life.

She had never known educated people. The only relaxation she permitted herself after our arrival was an hour's perfect idleness in the evening. Then, her apron cast aside, a fresh print gown, dainty and trim, robing her stately form, she would join us and give herself up to the sounds and sights and scents of the summer night.

As I have said, our life was delightful; we grew as intimate as people do on ship-board, and intimacy ripened into friendship—especially between Morton and Ellen. The resources of her nature, as contrasted with the limitations of her life, awoke in him keen interest. He never wearied of pouring the treasures of his knowledge and insight into her receptive mind. He carried her with him into the realms of Art and Literature, and I watched the hunger in her eyes die out, to be succeeded by an infinite satisfaction. On her face was a quiet joy and rest, as though, after long waiting, she had found some gift that the grudging years had till now withheld from her pleading hands.

On the third of July Clarissa came. Farmer Bray performed the ceremony of introduction with pardonable pride. His second daughter was a beauty, a tiny, fragile-looking creature with golden-brown curls clustering on her white brow and the nape of her pretty neck, light hazel eyes, set under delicately marked brows, and a complexion like roses and lilies. She wore a pink print gown, ruffled and trimmed in a way that made Ellen's dress look homely and countrified.

"Do you like the seaside?" asked Morton, his artist's eyes resting with delight upon her rose-leaf face.

"I like Margate and Brighton; I don't like this," she answered, looking contemptuously around her; "no shops, no band, no promenade."

We all laughed. Somehow, as we rose to take our usual stroll to the beach it seemed natural that Morton should go on with her and that we three should fall behind. The west was still glowing as we reached the shore; to our right lay green fields and

sheets of golden gorse, that stretched down almost to the purple sea, while over head "the stars hung out their fires."

I looked at Clarissa. Her eyes wandered over the magic panorama. No! not one responsive gleam was awakened in them by all she saw. "Look at the 'Point,'" said Morton, indicating a long tongue of land about a mile and a half away. "There are two good shops there, Miss Clarissa; but in a week you won't want shops."

"That point is like the 'Land's End' on a small scale," I remarked, and Clarissa's face suddenly lit up.

"Oh, Mr. Morton!" she cried, "you painted that picture of the 'Land's End' that was in the Academy this year. Now I remember."

"You have seen the Academy?" said Ellen, wistfully.

"So must you next year," said Morton, turning to her.

"I could hardly be spared," she said, hesitatingly, a great joy in her eyes.

Clarissa's laugh pealed out—"Ellen in London!" she cried, mockingly—"What would she do without her chickens and cows?"

We found our environment completely changed by Clarissa's arrival. To me, the charm of our days was somewhat broken in upon by her childish gaiety. The gravity which had characterized even our pleasures before she came was gone. The sense of "living between two eternities," which one felt keenly in Ellen's presence, and of which Morton had often spoken, was a thing of the past. Clarissa *would* talk nonsense at all times, and Morton seemed to enjoy it. So did her father. Nor was I insensible to her charm. It was pleasant to watch her flitting like a bright-winged humming-bird from one merry provocation to another. But I never cared to hear her torment Ellen, as she often did, more particularly when Morton was by. I wondered sometimes that he could have so completely forgotten all that was inspiring and delightful in her grave presence before this winsome

creature came to us, this human mocking bird, in whose presence all serious things seemed out of place. For Ellen's sake I often wished her bright-eyed sister had stayed in London; for, day by day, her face lost all that it had gained of joy and peace during the earlier part of Morton's stay; and day by day a gloom, that had not been there before he came, took the light from her eyes and the spring from her step.

On the mornings that followed Clarissa's arrival, Morton and I usually went to the stile leading to the woodland path. Here Clarissa soon joined. I read aloud or talked, while Morton painted the picture for which Clarissa had easily been induced to sit. In the afternoons we all separated, to meet again at the evening meal. Morton and I had abandoned the parlour for the farmer's own table. After supper came our evening walk; and this hour seemed by common consent to be given up to Clarissa. My heart ached for Ellen, shut out, it seemed, from a world her sister shared with Morton. I could see she had never felt the limitations of her life so keenly.

So July, with its burning noondays, its languorous afternoons, and its sultry nights, went by.

"I fear we shall have a storm," said the farmer one evening. "Mr. Morton, I should be very glad if you would row to the Point to-morrow, and



DRAWN BY H. W. MURCHISON.

"I looked at Ellen with some interest as she walked on by Morton's side."

ask Farmer Davis if he can spare two men for a day or so, and bring them back with you. The boat holds three comfortably."

Morton assented. Then it was decided that Clarissa and I should accompany him to the Point. We, however, would come back in the carrier's van, which passed the Point at six—Morton, meanwhile, rowing back with the labourers.

I reached the trysting-place a little late. No Clarissa was there, but Farmer Davis was talking to the carrier. In reply to my inquiries, he said that he had advised Morton and the labourers to drive over in his waggon, as a storm was evidently rising. Indeed, even now the sky was overcast with clouds, and

the west was glowing with an angry, lurid light. As they were starting, the young lady had come up and asked Mr. Morton to row her home. He had expostulated, and at last she had walked away and he had driven off with the men.

I could not go home without more definite knowledge of Clarissa's whereabouts than this. So I had to let the carrier depart without me, while I sought the cottager in whose charge Morton had left the boat. He could only tell me that the young lady had asked him to row her home—that he had refused—that she had declared she would row herself. He had been called away and detained for half an hour. On his return, the young lady had gone and the boat too!

There was nothing for it but to trudge the three weary miles that lay before me. When I reached the farmhouse, it was to learn that Mr. Bray



"Her hands clasped under her chin."

had gone to see a labourer who lived north of the wood, that the men and Morton had come, and that Morton had immediately gone out again.

I sought Ellen in the kitchen. As I entered it, the storm broke. The first drops of rain came heavily down. The wind rose suddenly. The waiting sea threw herself into the battle; and soon the white-capped waves dashed themselves fiercely against the rocks, to the accompaniment of lightning that blinded, and thunder that deafened, and rain that fell in torrents.

Ellen listened, with a face growing white, to my tale. Then she left me. In a few moments she returned.

"Dick has gone to see if any of the men will go to meet her," she said; "but they will not."

Her voice was hollow; her hands were interlocked; all the lines of face and figure were tense and rigid. I groaned aloud. That bright, merry child, at the mercy of the merciless waves, alone! Still the storm raged—still we stood there silent—till, suddenly, the wind fell—the rain poured less heavily—the black clouds drifted asunder.

Ellen caught my arm.

"If—If she waited in the creek beside the Point, she has been safe all the time and can come on now," she whispered. "Come with me."

She led the way to an attic at the top of the house—caught up a seaman's glass—gazed eagerly out, and then handed the glass to me. I looked out upon the still seething waters.

Yes! yes! just rounding the head of the Point was a tiny boat holding gallantly on her way towards us. I could see only one figure in it, and could not identify that; but no other boat would be about.

"Thank heaven!" was all that I could say, as I dropped the glass. Ellen turned away.

A few minutes later I looked down into the orchard beneath, and saw Ellen place a large basket on the ground. I saw her agonized face as she looked upwards.

The storm was over. The clouds, wind-rent and scattered, showed the exquisite blue of the sky and the glittering stars between their jagged

edges. From every bush and flower and tree the rain-drops hung, transformed into diamonds by the light of the moon, now sailing triumphantly, as though all this peace were of her making, along the cloud-strewn sky.

I looked from the little boat, now coming swiftly and steadily onwards, to the scene below. Ellen was leaning against the trunk of a great tree, her hands grasping a bough above her with apparently painful force. She seemed struggling with some restraining power that held her back from—what?

Suddenly the fierce anguish seemed to soften. A long, low cry broke from her. She fell on her knees. I heard her sob. The bough, released, sprang back, scattering a million bright-hued drops over her. Lower and lower she crouched, until she was almost prostrate on the rain-wet earth.

I turned away from the window. This was no time for an onlooker. It was the Gethsemane moment of her life.

When I did look out again, Ellen, carrying her basket, was walking lightly and rapidly down the orchard path. I saw her go right on into the midst of the waves that broke in white foam about her feet. And then I knew with what temptation she had been battling in the orchard. The little boat might have escaped the storm, only to be wrecked within a few feet of home, upon the Finger of the Devil's Hand.

The waves dashed around her; but she put her foot upon the first step of the stairway, and caught the iron chain. Once she was nearly thrown back. Then a sudden blaze shot up. Higher and higher it mounted, as she piled fresh wood in the iron cage that alone was above the dancing waters. And not too soon—for the little boat came on so swiftly and so close, that had the warning flame been two minutes later she must have struck upon the submerged rock.

Ellen watched the little craft float

onwards to the beach, watched the two drenched forms—for there were two—set foot upon the welcome earth. Then, her drenched garments clinging



"Ellen was leaning against the trunk of a great tree."

painfully to her, she began her difficult descent.

At that moment I heard the farmer's voice below. Descending, I told him briefly what had passed. He ran down to the beach with great strides; and passing Clarissa and Morton with hardly a word, went on to meet the daughter whose faithful love and duty had cheered all the long years of his widowed life.

Molly had great fires in all the rooms, and soon Morton, the farmer, and myself were gathered round a table right royally set forth with harvest fare. Ellen had changed her dress rapidly and had carried Clarissa, now sobbing like a tired child, to her own room. As I passed the door I saw Clarissa clinging to those strong, tender arms, saw Ellen's face, calm as the now



peaceful sea—and after a fiercer storm—bending lovingly over the wilful child, whose broken words of penitence she silenced with the soft pressure of her lips.

Morton married Clarissa Gray. And if he never attained to the full stature he might have reached with such a help-meet as Ellen would have proved, he would never with her have had his patience and manliness and tenderness

so tested and so proven. To have borne patiently the downfall of many hopes, to have survived cheerfully the loss of a cherished ideal, is to have achieved no small victory in life's most difficult battle. Perhaps too, some day, it may be that he and all of us shall receive our "might-have-beens" fresh and beautiful, and everlasting.

*Lee Wyndham.*



#### NOVEMBER WINDS.

THE wind has a mournful voice,  
Like one who has lost all hope,  
And can never more rejoice.

It is roaming from dawn till gloom,  
Moaning from gloom till dawn,  
Chanting a wail of doom.

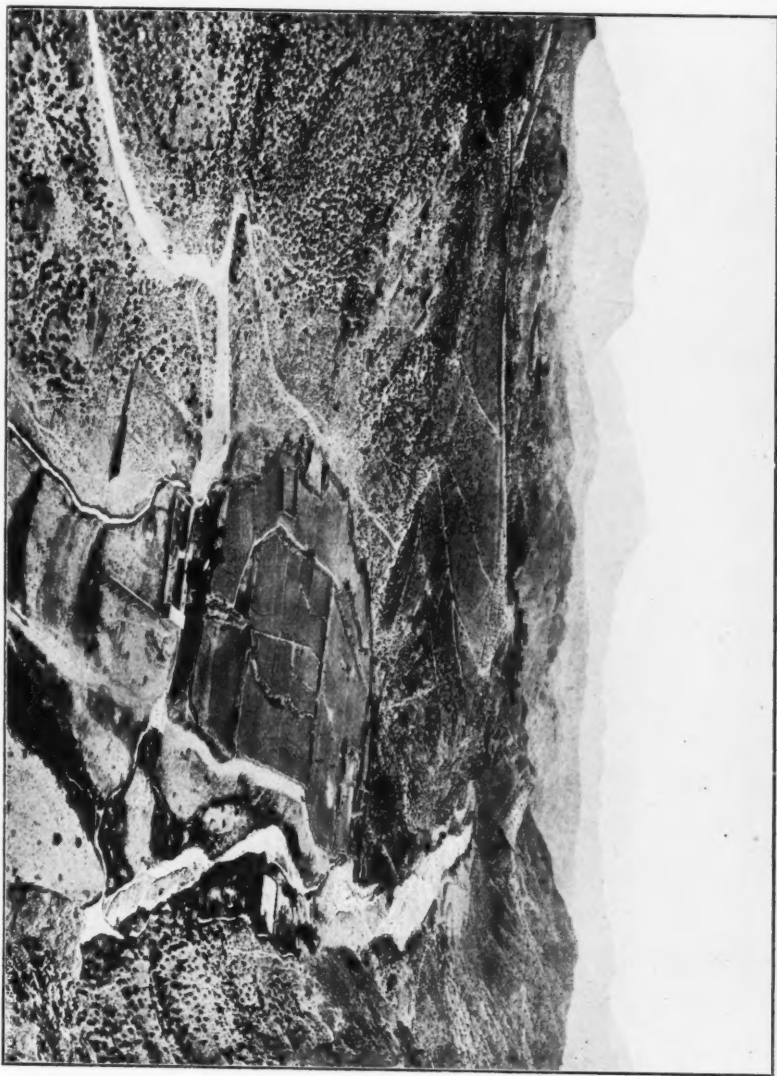
Why is the wind so sad,  
Filled with a dark despair ;  
Will it never more be glad ?

Yes, when the April rain,  
Journeying over the wild,  
Wakens the Spring again.

Then will the wind, retuned,  
Murmur its songs of bliss—  
Perfect as ever crooned.

Perhaps in some far-off Spring  
My life shall be quite retuned—  
Made perfect each jarring string.

*Bradford K. Daneils.*



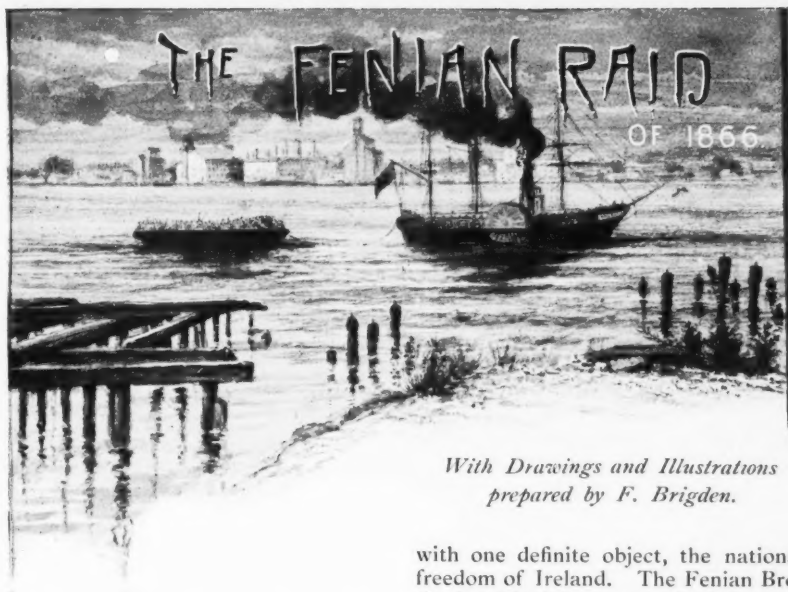
SCENES ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.  
*The Khyber Pass, looking south from Fort Ali Masjid, showing fields irrigated by Mountain Streams.*



SCENES ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.  
*A Gun of the No. 3 Peshawar Mountain Battery, under Lieut. Gordon.*

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*With Drawings and Illustrations  
prepared by F. Bridgen.*

#### I.—WHY THE RAID WAS PLANNED.

**D**URING the years 1865 and 1866 Canada was kept in a state of feverish anxiety on account of anticipated and expected invasions by a hostile armed force. The Fenian Brotherhood, a society composed of Irishmen resident in Ireland and America, had resolved to strike a blow in aid of Irish freedom. Canada was the only recipient of an actual stroke, and yet Canada had never done anything to impede the progress of Irish freedom; \* nevertheless, because this country was an outlying, unguarded portion of that Empire which girdles the world, the Fenians chose it as a good place where they might pinch Great Britain with little fear of being pinched back.

In November, 1863, there was held in Chicago a convention known as the "First General Congress of the Fenian Brotherhood," when it was decided to have a fixed organization in America †

\* In a sermon delivered on June 10th, 1866, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kingston said that Canada had never done Ireland any harm; but, on the contrary, afforded to thousands of Irishmen happy homes, free altars, and civil and religious liberty; he also declared that "these Fenians were not true Irishmen and not true Roman Catholics, and that their conduct was ruffianism of the most despicable character."

with one definite object, the national freedom of Ireland. The Fenian Brotherhood had been organized in both Ireland and America a few years earlier, but its exact history is not known, nor is it important for the purposes of this article. The society, as it showed itself in '63, '64, '65 and '66, was simply an extreme movement among the many forms of agitation adopted by those persons and generations who throughout the present century have cherished the hope of being able to undo the Union of Ireland and Great Britain which was consummated at the beginning of the century.

The Chicago organization of Fenians (the original "Fenians" were Irish militia used for coast defence in early centuries) was a rather powerful organization, and we find that it held a Fair in 1864 to which the then Postmaster-General of the United States contributed twenty-five dollars. Fernando Wood, a member of the House of Representatives, also contributed a hundred dollars, and the Speaker of that body gave twenty dollars. Brig-

† D'Arcy McGee, also, in a letter written a little later, declared that "this Fenian filibustering was murder, not war."

\* A rather full history of this organization is to be found in *All the Year Round* for the 4th of June, 1864, quoted on pp. 9-16 in "The Fenian Raid," a pamphlet with map, published in 1866 by W. C. Chewett & Co., King Street East, Toronto.



W. R. ROBERTS.

*President of the Fenian Organization in New York, 1866.*

adier-General Montgomery, Major-General Pleasanton, Colonel Milligan, and other leading soldiers sent money. General Miles D. Sweeney gave \$1,000 to the cause very soon afterward. This shows that the society must have had a large membership and been rather influential.

There was also a society in New York with headquarters known as the Moffatt Mansion, in Union Square. Here there was a split into two factions: one that followed Col. John O'Mahoney, the original organizer of the American Brotherhood, and one that acknowledged Mr. Roberts as leader. The O'Mahoney faction planned a raid on Campo Bello, a small island belonging to New Brunswick and situated at the mouth of the St. Croix River, in the entrance to the Bay of Fundy. Three British war vessels and some New Brunswick volunteers, assisted by the United States authorities, prevented the expedition, which was formed in April, 1866, from doing more than burning up two well-stocked stores

and tearing down a customs' house flag. The other faction was determined to invade Canada, Mr. Roberts being backed up in this project by the General Sweeney of whom mention has already been made.

This year of 1866 was an opportune one for such agitators, for the Civil War being over there were plenty of hardened soldiers from the armies of both the North and the South who would much rather continue soldiering than go back to peaceful vocations. These men made willing and able recruits. The United States Government, moreover, was very busy and none too anxious to protect Canada; hence the Fenians relied on being able to take an armed force out of that country in spite of such a proceeding being a breach of the Law of Nations. They hoped to have the honour of helping to release Ireland from her bondage to the British Crown, and organized an Irish Republic with a President and a

Senate, of which the aforesaid Moffatt Mansion was the headquarters.

In Canada there was considerable anxiety. The inhabitants eagerly scan-



GEN. O'NEIL.



ned the columns of newspapers, in which were printed all sorts of rumours of great invading armies, immense supplies of ammunition, and even of great battles. Invading forces were reported to have crossed Lake Huron, River St. Clair, Niagara River, the St. Lawrence, and the Quebec boundary line. In reality only about 1,000 men invaded Canada, and they remained less than three days; and it is to the story of this real invasion to which attention will now be directed.

But first, in order to show more clearly the nature of the Fenian spirit, and that even their leaders could



DR. KEMPSON'S HOUSE AT FORT ERIE.

*Dr. Kempson was Reeve of Fort Erie and his house was the first point to which O'Neil conducted his force on arriving at the village on the morning of Friday, June 1st.*

of Sweeney and Roberts are here inserted :

#### PROCLAMATION OF GENERAL SWEENEY.

"We come among you as the foes of British-ruled Ireland, exiled from that native land of ours by the oppression of British aristocracy and legislation, our people hunted down to the emigrant ships, or worse, to that charnel of government institutions, the poor-house ; our countrymen torn from their families and friends, and hurled in droves into the prison pens of England and Ireland, our country subjected to a foreign tyranny which disfranchises the masses of the Irish people, and makes poverty and misery the sad rule of their condition, covering our fair land with paupers' graves and wretched hovels, eliciting from the liberal minds of England ex-



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THIS ARTICLE.

SITE OF FIRST FENIAN CAMP ON NEWBIGGING FARM.

trump up no excuse for their murderous raid on Canada, the proclamations\*

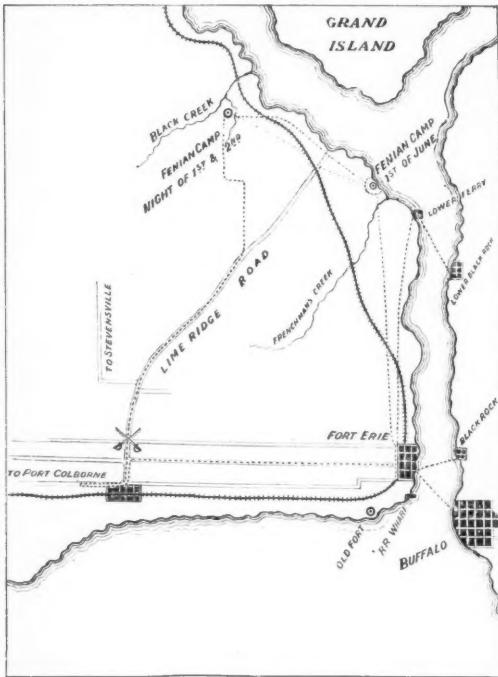
\*These were prepared so that they could be issued as soon as the Fenians arrived in Canada. They were never needed ; but some newspapers in New York betrayed the confidence Sweeney imposed in them, and afterwards published the documents of which they had advance copies,

pressions of shame for the Government and indignation for the people.

"We have taken up the sword to strike down the oppressor's rod, to deliver Ireland from the tyrant, the despoiler, the robber ; we have registered our oaths upon the altar of our country in full view of Heaven, and

sent up our vows to the throne of Him who inspires them. Then looking about us for the enemy, we find him here—here in your midst, where he is most vulnerable and

the friends of liberty against political subjection, of freedom against despotism, of democracy against aristocracy, of the people against their oppressors, of the ballot against the privileges of class, of progress and development against might and wrong; to conduct this contest in a manner worthy of the high object we aim for, and the sublime sentiments that actuate us. In a word, our war is with the armed power of England, and not with the people; not with these provinces; against England upon land and sea, until Ireland is free. And all who raise an arm to defend her, to frustrate or defeat us, belong to the common enemy, and as such will be dealt with. As we know how to recognize the services of our friends, so also do we know how to punish the depredations of our foes. Our work for Ireland accomplished, we leave it to your own free ballots to determine your national and political standing and character, and shall rejoice to see, and assist to make, these almost limitless colonies spring from the foot of a foreign throne as free and independent, as proud as New York, Massachusetts, or Illinois. To that yearning for liberty and aspiration after national independence which swells the breast of every true son of every land, to your own manliness, we leave these questions for settlement, confident that the dwarfed development of your vast resources and natural wealth under the chilling influence



SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE FENIANS.

convenient to our strength ; and have sworn to stretch forth the armed hand of Ireland and grapple with him. The battle has commenced, and we pledge ourselves by all the sacred memories of struggling liberty to follow it up at any cost to either of the two alternatives—the absolute political independence and liberty of Ireland, or the demolition of our armies.

"We have no issue with the people of these Provinces, and wish to have none but the most friendly relations. Our weapons are for the oppressors of Ireland.

"Our blows shall be directed only at the power of England. Her privileges alone shall we invade, not yours. We do not propose to divest you of a solitary right you now enjoy. We will assail and assume only the rights that are claimed and enjoyed by the Government of Great Britain, the right to make her American possessions the field and base of operations in a war against an enemy. We come to instal ourselves in her prerogatives, and turn them against her in war for Irish freedom. We are here neither as marauders nor robbers, for plunder or spoliation. We are here as the Irish army of liberation ;

of English supremacy, in wretched contrast with the national dignity and stupendous material prosperity of your neighbouring people of the United States, under the stimuli of self-government and democratic institutions, constitutes a stronger argument in favour of co-operation with us, and of the revolution in your political condition which this comparison suggests, than any discussions of the questions involved which we could offer here.

“To Irishmen throughout these provinces we appeal in the name of seven centuries of British iniquity and Irish misery and suffering in the name of our murdered sires, our desolated homes, our desecrated altars, our millions of famine graves, our insulted name and race, to stretch forth the hand of brotherhood in the holy cause of Fatherland, and smite the tyrant where we can in his work of murdering our nation and exterminating our people. We conjure you, our countrymen, who, from misfortunes by the very tyranny you are serving, or from any other cause, have been forced to enter the ranks of the enemy, not to be the willing instruments of our country's death or degradation. If Ireland still speaks

to you in the truest impulses of your heart, Irishmen, obey her voice. If you would not be miscreants, recreant to the first principles of your nature, engraven upon the very corner stone of your being, raise not the hand of the matricide to strike down the banner of Erin. No uniform, and surely not the blood-dyed coat of England, can emancipate you from the natural law that binds your allegiance to Ireland, to liberty, to right, to justice. To the friends of Ireland, of freedom, of humanity, of the people, we offer the olive branch of peace and honest grasp of friendship. Take it, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Americans, take it all, and trust it. To all who marshal to the call of the enemy and rally under his standard or aid or abet his cause, we give the sword in as firm and earnest a grip as ever did its work upon a foe. We wish to meet with friends; we are prepared to meet with enemies. We shall labour to merit the confidence of the former, and the latter can expect from us but the leniency of a determined though generous foe, and the restraints and relations imposed by civilized warfare.

(Signed), "T. W. SWEENEY, *Maj.-Gen. Com.  
"the Armies of Ireland."*

#### PROCLAMATION OF PRESIDENT ROBERTS.

"To my Countrymen—Brothers! Arouse, Irishmen! A glorious career has been opened for you. The green flag has waved once more in triumph over England's hated emblem. Onward! is the order, and let Ireland and Victory be the watchword. Pay no attention to what may seem defeat. Everything is working glorious, and if you but discharge your duty to your native land our final triumph is certain. God and Justice is on our side. Have iron wills and brave hearts, and Ireland will be once more great, glorious and free.

"In love and hope

"I remain your countryman,

"W. R. ROBERTS,

"Pres't. of Fenian Brotherhood."

#### II.—DETAILS OF THE FENIAN ATTACK.

By Thursday, May 31st, 1866, there had collected in Buffalo some 1,500 Fenians, with a full supply of officers, about 2,500 stands of arms and plenty of ammunition. Sweeney, Roberts and Col. O'Neil were present, but Sweeney and Roberts do not seem to have crossed the border. Many of the men came from Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Louisville, and were first seen in large bodies when passing through Cleveland. The Buffalo papers claimed that they were mostly

Southern soldiers, but this may safely be doubted, as the South had no quarrel with England at this time.

In Buffalo these men were scattered through the Irish portions of the city, and their conduct showed their fondness for liquor and for fighting. The Buffalo authorities seem to have taken some precautionary measures to prevent the Fenians crossing the Niagara River into Canada, but these proved insufficient. The Canadian authorities, however, were fully warned, although there were enough rumors afloat to make all news very confusing.

During the night of May 31st the Fenians straggled out of Buffalo, and by 3 o'clock on the morning of June 1st had collected at Black Rock, on the Niagara River, a little below Buffalo. Between 3 and 5 o'clock they crossed the river on scows with the aid of one or two steam tugs, and landed, about 1,000 strong, at Lower Ferry Dock, about a mile from Fort Erie. The Fenians, being then in Canada, at once began active operations. They lacked three necessities, food, horses and artillery, and the two former were at once eagerly sought after. They moved up to the village of Fort Erie (sometime called Waterloo) and demanded of the reeve, council and citizens, food for 1,000 men. This having been procured and the neighbourhood thoroughly reconnoitred, they went back down the river to Frenchman's Creek, at a point a little below where they had landed in the early morning. They encamped on the Newbigging farm, and entrenched themselves as best they could. Here they remained all day foraging and scouting; finding enough sympathizers to supply them with full information of the actions of the authorities and the nature of the country. In fact, their great topographical knowledge of the district, gained either before or after landing, stood them in good stead during their retreat.

About 9 p.m. on the evening of June 1st they evacuated their camp and moved down the river towards Chipewa. After going two or three miles



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

MAJOR GILLMOR,

*who was the senior officer of the Queen's Own Rifles in 1866, was with them at Ridgeway, and was afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel of the Battalion.*

they turned westward and encamped on the high bank of the Black Creek, near to the railroad, which runs along the bank of the Niagara River between Niagara and Fort Erie. Possibly they thought that a force from Chippewa might attempt to come up in the night along the railroad, and they were there prepared to attack it, when it would not be expecting attack.\* A little later they appear to have ascertained from reliable sources that the Canadian force at Chippewa and that at Port Colborne would, if they were united,

\*Lt.-Col. Denison, in his admirable work on this raid, remarks on p. 66: "Had Colonel Peacocke pushed on by rail on Friday night with a pilot engine (that popular idea of an advanced guard), as some of the press have been abusing him for not doing, he would have received the summary chastisement his recklessness and want of judgment would have so richly deserved."

be invincible. Their policy was, by getting in between the forces, to prevent their junction, and, if possible, defeat them in turn. Accordingly, about three o'clock in the morning, Col. O'Neil moved his force south-westward, keeping his right flank protected by the Black Creek. Passing beyond the creek, they moved along the Limestone Ridge, a sloping bluff some thirty or forty feet high, their right flank now protected by several miles of open fields.

It happened, as will be explained afterwards, that the Canadian forces at Port Colborne on Lake Erie, and at Chippewa on the Niagara River, had actually been ordered to unite at Stevensville on that morning, viz., the morning of June 2nd. Col. O'Neil thus, either by design or by accident, found himself between the two forces already preparing to unite. He was also, as he must have known, marching to meet the weaker force. As he neared the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway, which runs along the north shore of Lake Erie, between Port

Colborne and Fort Erie, his scouts heard the Port Colborne force detrain at Ridgeway. O'Neil at once made preparations to receive it as it came up the Limeridge Road. He chose his position so as to have the full advantage of the high bluff to which reference has been made. Here was fought the Battle of Limeridge, a fuller description of which will be given farther on. After the fight the Canadian force retreated, and the Fenians pursued them a little beyond Ridgeway, after which the invaders marched back by the Garrison Road to Fort Erie. Here they came upon the Welland Field Battery and the Dunnville Naval Brigade, and a second skirmish took place, in which the advantage again rested with the Fenians.

## III.—THE ARMING OF THE CANADIANS.

During the early months of the year 1866 Canada was all agog with rumours of a possible Fenian invasion and the patriotic sentiment of the people was fully aroused. The newspapers were filled with despatches and patriotic articles. In the March, 1866, *Journal of Education for Upper Canada*, there was published a poem by D'Arcy McGee, with the significant title, "Along the Line, A.D. 1812-1866." The last stanza runs thus :

Canada will ne'er forget  
How her earnest call was met,  
How in one night's quiet life  
Armies were prepared for strife—  
Loyal Irish, Britain's sons,  
Canada's ministering ones ;  
Forming three-fold cords to chain  
Wolf-hounds and their skulking train.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THIS ARTICLE.

VIEWS ON BLACK CREEK IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF SECOND FENIAN ENCAMPMENT.

Steadfast stand, and sleepless ward,  
Along the line ! Along the line !  
Great the treasures that you guard  
Along the line ! Along the line !  
By the babes whose sons shall be  
Crowned in far futurity.  
With the laurels of the free  
Stand your guard along the line !

In the April number of the same journal appears a poem by a Hamilton lady, entitled "Ten Thousand Volunteers to the Front." Two stanzas are as follows :

To the front ; to the front ;  
Ye dauntless sons of a dauntless race  
There are foes invading your lands,  
There are chains for your freeborn hands,  
There are arms prepared to drag  
From the midway heavens our flag.  
Steadily, furiously turn each face  
To the front ; to the front.

These are but an index of the numerous songs written during this period, and all show clearly that there was great emotion among the people of our country, and also evidence a clear determination on the part of the people not to allow any foreign power

to gain a foothold in this part of Her Majesty's dominions.

On the 19th of April, Chief Justice Draper, on opening the Spring Assizes at Toronto, delivered a remarkable charge.\* He explained that a reference to public matters on such occasions was unusual, but that when certain crises arise a painful duty is cast on judges. After pointing out that Canadian-Irish are contented, and with all other Canadian citizens desirous of avoiding war, and that the "intended invasion" will be most unjust, he says :

\*See "Journal of Education for Upper Canada," Vol. XIX. pp. 62 and 63, for full text of his address.



"But if such a storm be gathering on our horizon, thank God it will not find us divided among ourselves, or unprepared to resist the invader . . . whatever our national origin, we are all Canadians. To a profound and zealous adherence to our constitutional rights and liberties we add a personal devotion to our Queen, honouring her as the head of our government, loving her as the mother of her people, praying God for the prolongation of her reign and for her domestic happiness and welfare. . . . There can be but one reception for the invaders, a stern and pitiless opposition to repel the aggression—striking for Queen and country, for law and liberty, for wives and children; and may God defend the right!"

Early in March soldiers and citizens had been called to arms by rumours of invasion which spread like wildfire through the country. The excitement was intense—and such intense words from a dignified Chief Justice were but the echo of the bursting spirits of a loyal and determined people.

In a letter to the Colonial Secretary in London, dated March 9th, 1866, Lord Monck, in commenting on the calling out of the volunteers, remarked:

"I may also mention that offers of service continue to be received at headquarters to an extent far beyond the number of men required, and I have no doubt should the occasion unfortunately arise, the supply of volunteers who would present themselves for the defence of the country would be limited only by the numbers of the male population capable of bearing arms."

Again, in a letter dated June 8th, Lord Monck comments on the admirable spirit displayed by the people, and stated that within twenty-four hours after the second call for the volunteers, 20,000 men were under arms.

As early as November 10th, 1865, Sir John Michel decided to call out some nine companies of Lower Canada volunteers to guard the frontier of that part of Canada. The Executive Council of Canada by a minute of March 7th, 1866, resolved to call out for duty 10,000 men, and this was done on that day by telegraph to the different stations. This force was kept under arms for some days in anticipation of an invasion on the 17th of March, St. Patrick's Day. However, no enemy appeared at that date.

It was, however, the call to arms on Thursday, May 31st, which declared

that some of the rumours were true and that hostile armed troops had actually invaded the beloved "Land of the Maple Leaf." On Friday, June 1st, the greater portion of Upper Canada's military force was called out, and volunteers from Toronto and Hamilton were rushed forward to that portion of the frontier where the brave and heroic Brock had some eighty years before fallen in the hour of victory, and where the boom of Niagara's Falls was soon to be supplemented with the roar of the deadly instruments with which man protects himself against the onslaughts of those who nurse malice and hatred.

The Province of Ontario (then Upper Canada) has never since witnessed such excitement.

The Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto were the first to be moved. They assembled in the early morning, and at half-past six embarked on a steamer for Port Dalhousie, from there to travel by the Welland Railway to Port Colborne to protect the Lake Erie entrance to the Welland Canal. Two more companies of the same regiment followed later in the day. Three companies of the 47th (regulars), and a Battery of Royal Artillery left at noon by the Grand Trunk Railway, going via Hamilton. The 10th Royals were ordered to move in the afternoon and they left at 4 p.m., having with them two more companies of regulars (47th). From Hamilton there were sent forward 200 men of the 16th (regulars), the three companies of the 47th, and the Battery from Toronto, and the 13th Battalion. The latter battalion went forward to Port Colborne, as did the York and Caledonia Rifles from Toronto.

When this day's movements were completed there were two forces ready for action; the one at Port Colborne as follows:

Lieut.-Col. Booker.

The Queen's Own Rifles, 480 men.

The 13th Battalion, 265 men.

The York Rifles,

The Caledonia Rifles, } 95 men.

and the other at Chippewa as follows:

Colonel Peacocke.

200 men of 16th Regiment.

200 men of 47th Regiment.

A. Battery, Royal Artillery.

The next morning at 4.30, Colonel Peacocke was reinforced by:

The 10th Royals, 415 men.

The 47th Regiment, 150 men.

The St. Catharines Volunteers, 350 men.

With the aid of the maps the reader will thus see the situation on the morning of that celebrated June 2nd. Colonel Peacocke had pressed forward from St. Catharines to Clifton on the Niagara River in order to guard the Suspension Bridge, and afterwards had moved up to Chippewa in order to protect the bridge over the creek at that place. Away to the south-west, at Port Colborne, on the shore of Lake Erie, was the second force as enumerated above. At Black Creek the other angle of the triangle were the Fenians under O'Neil. The Canadians were divided, but Colonel Peacocke, who was chief in command, had conceived a plan to unite the two forces and had already sent Capt. Akers, R.E., from Chippewa to Port Colborne with orders to Lieut.-Col. Booker to meet his senior officer and the Chippewa force at Stevensville at 11 a.m. If these plans had been accurately carried out by both there would have been a great battle somewhere near Stevensville, in which all three forces would have had a share.

Lieut.-Col. Booker at first decided not to carry out the orders which Capt. Akers had conveyed to him, but to proceed by the railroad to Fort Erie and surprise the enemy, whom he believed to be encamped on the Newbigging farm. The foolishness of this proposal was afterwards seen when it was learned that the Fenians, at the very time at which this Canadian colonel hoped to surprise and capture them, were marching inland from Black Creek.<sup>†</sup> Booker apparently did not count on their stirring from the New-

bigging farm. But after his own plans had been communicated to Colonel Peacocke, and before he had moved from Port Colborne, he was ordered to adhere to the original plan. He decided to do so and to march his command to Stevensville. At first glance it would seem that Booker had made, in reality, no wrong movement, but in preparation for carrying out his own plan, he had sent Capt. Akers down the shore of Lake Erie on a tug, and when Colonel Peacocke insisted on the original plan being carried out, it could not be properly done without the man to whom Col. Peacocke had entrusted the plan of campaign. Capt. Akers must bear a certain portion of the blame, as there seems little doubt that Colonel Peacocke had sent him across to assist the volunteer force, and when Booker's force was attacked there was no officer of the regular force present.

In pursuance of the original plan, about five o'clock on Friday morning Booker took his men down the railway which runs along the shore of the lake towards Fort Erie, and detrained them at Ridgeway, preparatory to marching them to Stevensville. In going so far as Ridgeway he made what proved to be a serious mistake, in that he went too far east and brought his force too close to the enemy.

Booker had been ordered to meet Colonel Peacocke at Stevensville at 11 o'clock, but his own eagerness to have the volunteers share in the glory of any engagement which might take place, led him to leave Port Colborne an hour earlier than his orders required. The reason of that was this: he had, in pursuance of his own plan, before Colonel Peacocke's disapproval of it had reached him, entrained his force at Port Colborne; therefore, when Colonel Peacocke ordered him to carry out the original orders, his men already entrained were in a position to be moved at an hour earlier than the necessity of the plan required.

Booker thus arrived on dangerous ground at an hour which proved to be much too early, and the 13th Battalion

<sup>†</sup>See "The Fenian Raid," by Major George T. Denison. P. 32.

<sup>†</sup>A full statement of the reasons which led Col. Booker to plan a night surprise will be found in an article to be published in the next issue of this publication.

and the Queen's Own Rifles met the Fenians at Limeridge shortly before eight o'clock that morning, while Colonel Peacocke had only left Chippewa, some 20 miles away, at seven o'clock.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THIS ARTICLE.

SITE OF O'NEIL'S HEADQUARTERS AT LIMERIDGE.

*A house, now removed, was situated beside the fence in the middle distance. The first visible part of the lime ridge is seen at the upper left-hand corner.*

That is, O'Neil and his thousand Fenians met one of the Canadian forces while the other and stronger force was many miles away, too far to be able to render timely assistance or even to know that a battle was in progress.

#### IV.—THE BATTLE OF LIMERIDGE.

Limeridge, where Colonel Booker met the Fenians, is an elevation which runs from near Ridgeway in a general north-easterly direction towards the Niagara River. The Fenians had advanced south-westerly along this Ridge from the Black Creek, while Booker's force, after disembarking at Ridgeway, had gone north-easterly from the other end of the Ridge. The Fenians either knew the plans of the Canadians, or heard the bugles as the troops were being detrained; perhaps both. O'Neil prepared for battle by entrenching himself on high wooded ground along the Ridge Road. His advance party was placed behind a rail fence barricade at the first cross road north of the Garri-

son Road, his reserves being posted one-quarter of a mile farther north. Like a skilful general, he screened his men and awaited the attack.

Col. Booker advanced about two miles from Ridgeway along the Ridge Road and when near the Garrison Road sighted the enemy. The question here presents itself: Why did Booker at once engage the Fenians? He did not know their numbers, their position, or their equipment. He had no mounted scouts to bring him this information, nor had he any intelligence of Col. Peacocke's progress to meet him. There were still three hours before Col. Peacocke was due at Stevensville, and had he

waited he would in about an hour have received a message which would have informed him of a delay which Col. Peacocke had been unable to avoid. His reserve ammunition had been sent back from Ridgeway to Port Colborne, and he had not horses enough to mount his staff.

The fact remains, however, that Booker did at once press forward to engage the enemy, and the battle of Limeridge began about eight o'clock. The Queen's Own Rifles were in advance with some of their companies in skirmishing order. They pressed on through the open fields in the direction of the concealed enemy, and in this exposed part of the battle grounds Ensign McEachren fell, the first of that gallant corps to give his life for his country. The Trinity College Company was on the left and the University and Highland companies on the right, and were not relieved during the fight.\*

\*Col. Denison's "The Fenian Raid," p. 43.

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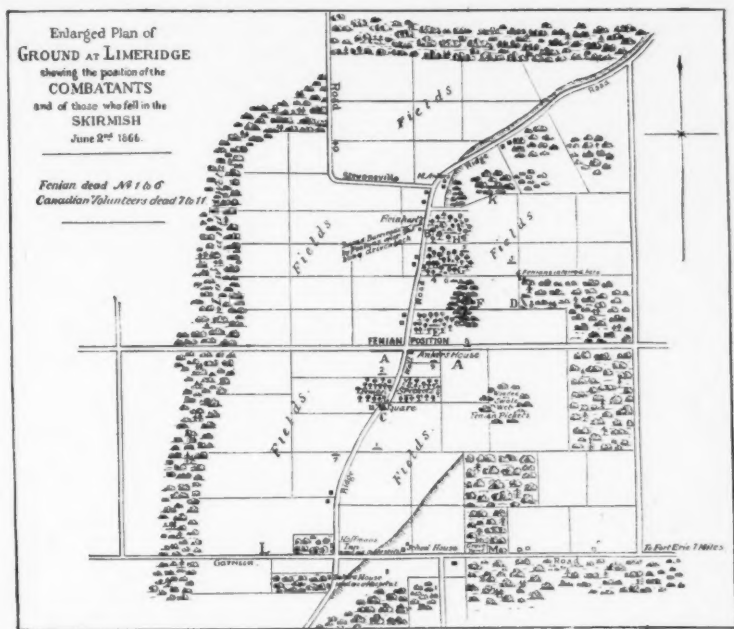
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After advancing some distance the Queen's Own ran short of ammunition and the six companies of the 13th were sent forward into the skirmishing line. The enemy was driven back and finally dislodged from the first position at the cross-roads. While the Canadians were holding this position the whole Fenian force advanced, and at this critical moment the mistake of the engagement occurred.

Two or three horsemen galloped into view and there was a cry of "Cavalry!" A square was formed on the road, where

ers. Had Booker kept his force well in hand, and had he possessed mounted officers, the engagement might have resulted differently.

The retreat was comparatively well handled, the main credit apparently being due to the individual officers who remained with the rear guard, and with a few brave and determined men kept the enemy from turning the retreat into a rout. The Fenians followed, at a respectful distance, to a little beyond Ridgeway, but did not succeed in doing any further damage.



THE BATTLE OF RIDGEWAY OR LIMERIDGE.

several of the Queen's Own companies were resting in close column, and into this closer formation the Fenians threw a hot fire. There was no cavalry, and before the companies could be deployed outwards, a panic induced by the hot fire seized the troops and the retreat was sounded. The Highland and University Companies had pressed on too far, and were nearly cut off; but they saved themselves with the loss of several men killed and some taken prison-

The general impression among the younger and non-military part of the present generation is that the Queen's Own and the 13th were guilty of cowardice in this engagement. This impression is, however, unjustifiable, and not based on facts. These volunteers pressed on over open fields for over a mile in the face of a hot fire, and finally drove out an entrenched enemy. That they did not reach the enemy's second position and win a decided victory was

their misfortune and not their fault. They fought as bravely as ever volunteers fought, and no Canadian need be ashamed of their record. They were, however, badly handled; the officers, like the men, being insufficiently trained.\*

O'Neil, in a speech made afterwards at his home in Nashville, declared that the Queen's Own fought bravely. "They advanced well and fought well for a short time. But they over-estimated the courage and unyielding spirit of their opponents, *who were tried soldiers.*"†

It is probable that O'Neil included the whole force in his remarks, as the 13th were fully as steady as the Queen's Own. Major (now Lieut.-Col.) Denison wrote at the time: "Both fought nobly. They were mingled in the retreat, some in front, some in the centre, and some behind, fighting bravely, covering the remainder."

The Queen's Own lost one officer, Ensign McEachren of No. 5 Co., one N.C.O., Sergeant H. Matheson of No. 1 Co., and Privates Christopher Alderson, M. Defries, W. F. Tempest, William Smith, J. H. Mewburn, M. McKenzie and F. Lackie. The wounded of this battalion included 4 officers, 1 N.C.O. and fifteen privates. The York Rifles had two men wounded, and the 13th Battalion one officer and six privates. The Fenians lost 6 men killed and a large number wounded.

The Canadians continued to retreat, and weary, hungry and dispirited, arrived at Port Colborne about noon. They had fought three hours and marched twenty-five miles on a breakfast of red herrings. Even after all this they did not get anything to eat until six o'clock that evening. A battle, a twenty-five mile march and twelve hours under arms, with a blazing sun above, all on a breakfast of red her-

rings! Such was volunteering in Canada in 1866.

#### V.—A SECOND ENGAGEMENT.

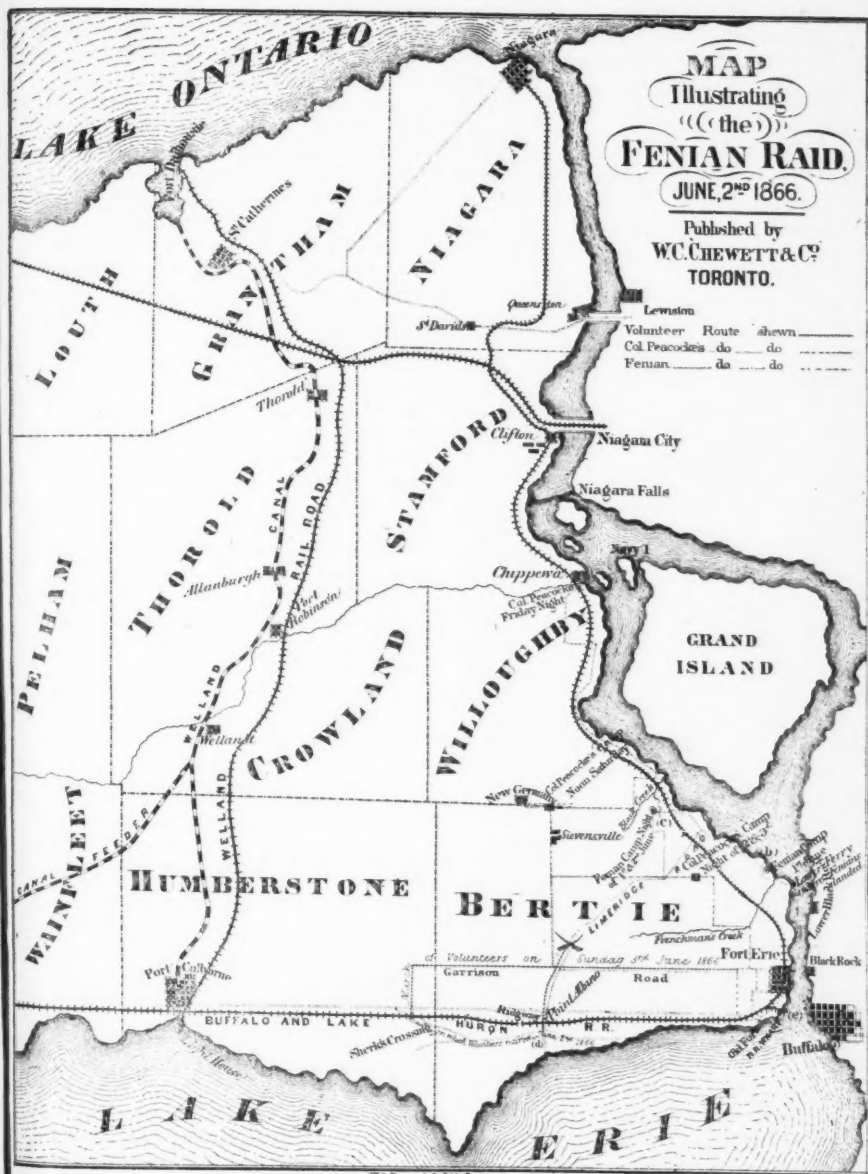
In accordance with the abortive plan conceived by Booker in the early morning of that eventful day, Lieut.-Col. Dennis, who had accompanied the Queen's Own from Toronto to Port Colborne, and Capt. Akers, R.E., had left that place at 4 a.m. on the tug "Robb." They took with them the Welland Garrison Battery, armed with rifles only, and part of the Dunnville Naval Company. While Booker was fighting the enemy these men arrived at Fort Erie. After waiting a while to see if Booker's force was nearing, Col. Dennis landed the artillery company and sent Capt. Akers and Capt. King with twenty-five men each in different directions. These afterwards met outside Fort Erie and marched northwards along the Niagara river bank, being taken on the tug again about two miles from Black Creek. The tug returned up the river to Fort Erie, where the force was again landed, some sixty prisoners who had been secured in and about Fort Erie being left on board.

After the skirmish at Limeridge the Fenians decided to avoid Col. Peacocke and return to Fort Erie. About three p.m., arriving suddenly at that village, they came on this previously mentioned force, consisting of 52 artillery men and 18 members of the naval corps, and engaged with them before they could retreat into the tug. The Canadians, though surprised, surrounded, and out-numbered about twenty to one, killed and wounded more than the Queen's Own and 13th had at Ridgeway, seven Fenians at least being killed. Five of the Battery were wounded. Capt. McCallum with two men of his Naval Brigade, and thirteen men of the Artillery escaped along the bank of the Niagara river, being pursued over two miles. He finally got his contingent again on board the tug "Robb," which had left Fort Erie just as the Fenians arrived. The remainder of this force of seventy-five men were taken prison-

\*"The volunteers advanced promptly at the word of command, and so valiantly did they demean themselves that they actually succeeded in driving back the enemy's advanced line for some distance. Considering that this was effected by raw levies, for the most part made up of young collegians and clerks, it was a gallant achievement, and for a time it seemed as though the volunteers would sweep all before them."—Dent's "The Last Forty Years." Vol. II., pp. 461 and 462.

†Quoted on p. 50 of "The Fenian Raid" published by W. C. Chewett & Co.





*a Fenian landed June 1st  
b Fenian camp which they broke up at 11 o'clock p.m. going down River to c Fenians camped till 4 a.m. June 2nd and then moved towards Ridgway  
d Fenians followed retiring Volunteers to this point  
e International R.R. Ferry Wharf where a reinforcement of 200 Fenians fully supplied with arms, arrived just after midnight on the 2nd June;  
f Fenians were sent back by G. Neil as a number of his (G. Neil's) men, were then escaping to Buffalo by the same day and row*

A REPRODUCTION OF THE CHEWETT MAP OF THE NIAGARA DISTRICT.

ers with the exception of Lieut.-Col. Dennis, who disguised himself and escaped through the lines, and Captain Akers who, being out on a scouting expedition when the Fenians arrived, was never in the fight.

#### VI.—WHERE WAS COLONEL PEACOCKE?

But the movements of Colonel Peacocke on this memorable day are yet to be described. He was the commander of all the Canadian forces under arms that day in that district, and, as we have seen, decided that his plan of campaign would be to unite the force at Port Colborne under Booker with his own force then at Chippewa. He intended to reach Stevensville between ten and eleven o'clock that morning. But while Booker was fighting the enemy within three miles of Stevensville at eight o'clock, Peacocke was only a few miles out of Chippewa. The delay in leaving that place was, as previously stated, due to the fact that the reinforcements which reached him early in the morning had brought no breakfast with them. The 10th Royals had left for the front without a full supply of haversacks and none of the volunteer corps were fully supplied with water-bottles. In fact, the whole volunteer force had been rushed into campaign work without the equipment of maps, cooking utensils, haversacks, water-bottles, ammunition transport wagons, artillery and mounted scouts, which is necessary to keep infantry efficient and to enable it to follow an enemy with success. The regulars, however, were fully equipped.

Labouring under the disadvantages of hot weather and a partial equipment Col. Peacocke arrived at New Germany near Stevensville about noon. Here he remained until half-past five o'clock, when he decided to press on to Fort Erie. Before he reached New Germany he had learned of Booker's defeat, and before he left that place he had learned that the Fenians had retreated on Fort Erie. As he was leaving New Germany he was joined by the Governor-General's Body Guard from Toronto, under Major (now

Lieut.-Col.) George T. Denison. The column advanced some nine miles, when fearing an ambuscade in some woods which were reached at dusk it was halted, and the men rested all night on their arms.

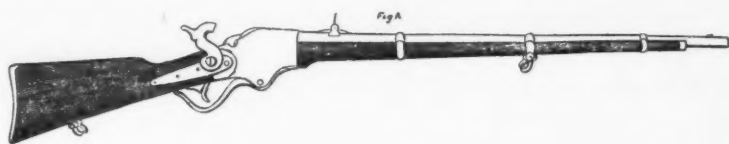
In the meantime the Fenians in Fort Erie were hesitating. They had, however, been in two hot engagements, in the last losing at least seven men, and their courage had been severely tested. They had accomplished nothing definite, and a large force was advancing against them and pressing close on them. Their reinforcements had not crossed the river, and there were few encouraging signs. The result was a decision to withdraw from a country whose peace they had so murderously disturbed and whose citizens were rapidly arming themselves in the defence of their homes. They embarked on board of scows, but as soon as they reached the United States waters the scows were seized and placed under the supervision of the U.S. Revenue Cutter *Michigan*, and the men on board held under arrest. After a few days they were landed on United States soil and released. Several score of prisoners, however, were in the hands of the Canadian authorities, an evidence of the fact that, though Canadian blood had been spilt, and a Canadian force checked, the invaders had been defeated and driven out.

#### VII.—SUBSEQUENT EVENTS.

The morning of June 3rd (Saturday) found the Canadian shores free of Fenians with the exception of the prisoners. In the early morning, Major Denison and his troop galloped into Fort Erie in time to increase the number of Fenian captives by gathering in a few stragglers. Out in the river they saw scows crowded with men, and soon learned that these were the remnant of the great force which was to capture Canada, attack Great Britain, and free Ireland. Moored in the middle of the stream, under the surveillance of a U. S. official gunboat, they could not have looked much like a band of conquering heroes.

Following Major Denison and the Body Guard, Col. Peacocke and his column moved on Fort Erie, expecting at every moment to meet the enemy.

and full equipment are not very effective; that officers commanding units should have an accurate knowledge of the ground over which they are to move



THE SPENCER REPEATING RIFLE USED BY NO. 5 CO. OF THE Q. O. R. AT RIDGEWAY.

He reached Fort Erie at nine o'clock without discovering the Fenians who had evaded him and were then safely in the hands of their friends.

About 8.15 that morning Col. Lowry, with a third Canadian force of about 500 infantry and 4 guns, advanced by train from Clifton to Fort Erie, arriving a few minutes before Col. Peacocke. Similarly the Port Colborne force (now under Capt. Akers, who had escaped overland the previous day), started for Fort Erie. This column, 1,000 strong, took the train to Sherk's Crossing and from there marched carefully into Fort Erie.

"By noon on Sunday about 3,500 men were concentrated on the heights above Fort Erie, while the 13th Battalion held Port Colborne, and a battalion of 450 men, under command of Lieut.-Col. Robert B. Denison, was stationed at Clifton to hold the Suspension Bridge."

So ended this brief campaign\* which taught Canadians that trained volunteers with good officers are always necessary as a guard against invasion; that troops sent in the field without commissariat, artillery, † mounted scouts

troops; and that staff and field officers should have horses and be able to ride them. These lessons were taught—whether they were learned is another matter.

Some 2,000 men of the Fort Erie force were retained there for three weeks, until all fear of a further invasion had passed away. The President of the United States issued a proclamation requiring all officers of the United States Government to do their utmost to prevent further attacks on Canada. The authorities of that country took steps to prevent any further breach of the neutrality laws, confiscating arms, arresting ringleaders and distributing railway tickets among the filibusterers who were a distance from their homes.

The prisoners taken by the Canadians were afterwards tried, but none were hanged. This clemency did not please the Canadian soldiers, and many of them still declare that if they ever again go to war in a similar way they will take care that there are no prisoners to be set free after the trouble is over.

*John A. Cooper.*

\* I have dealt only with the Ontario (Upper Canada) campaign; the movement of the troops in Quebec (Lower Canada) will be described by John W. Defoe in another article in a subsequent issue. There will also appear at once a contribution (in two parts) entitled "Reminiscences of Booker's Column," by Robert Larmour, who in 1866 was superintendent of the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway.

† Lord Monck wrote a letter to the Colonial Office, on June 2nd, 1866, in which he said: "I desire to bring before your notice the advisability of strengthening the force of Royal Artillery stationed in the Province, by three or four additional batteries. This is the arm of the service in which it is most difficult for volunteers to acquire proficiency."



## CANADIAN AND UNITED STATES RUGBY.

FOOTBALL has been played for hundreds of years. In the time of the early Norman kings we see the soldiers of contending camps engaged during a truce or armistice in a friendly game of football. Then it was, as its name implies, *foot ball*. The modern Association game is the direct development of this ancient pastime. During the course of ages, however, other games have been instituted, until now we have beside the above-mentioned Association game, the English Rugby, Gaelic football, Australian football, Canadian Rugby and United States Rugby.

English Rugby is the forerunner of the United States and Canadian games, each of which in their respective countries have shown a special line of development. At present, the divergence is so great that an International match on equal terms is almost an impossibility. Yet, were such a thing desirable, but little legislation on either side would be necessary to bring the two games back to their pristine harmony. If I am not mistaken, McGill and Harvard once met in an International match. As matches of this kind are always an incentive to sport, bringing out the spirit of rivalry in its highest form, it is a pity that in the early history of the game this example was not followed regularly. Had such been done the game as played in the respective countries would have developed on similar lines and would now have been the same.

An endeavour will be made in this article to show the differences which

are now to be observed between Canadian and United States Rugby.

A Canadian watching a game of United States Rugby will be struck at first by what is called in United States football parlance, the "system of interference." That is, he will see the runner-with-the-ball rushing down the field behind a phalanx composed of his fellow players, who interfere for him and aid his advancement of the ball. This, of course, would not be allowed in the Canadian game. Here is the original point where Canadian and United States football diverged, and it has been mainly due to this system of interference that the two games are now so different. Those who have not seen this system in actual operation might be led to believe that it would be impossible to stop such a formation. Such an opinion would be erroneous, as the defensive tactics have kept almost equal pace. The interference when perfectly and instantly formed is, however, a strong ground-gaining agency, but even at its best it may be broken up by a good end player bringing down the leader or diving through and tackling the runner-with-the-ball. Incidentally it may be remarked that this interference is one of the most exciting features of the American game. The crushing force with which a well-formed interference will wedge its way through the opposing ranks, or the resulting tackling by the ends, guards or tackles of the opposing side, make up a play which sends the blood with electrifying power through the arteries, and forces

an involuntary cheer from friends and foes alike.

The second main difference to be noted is the manner of putting the ball into play. The Canadian rule reads :

"When the ball is fairly held within the grounds, one of the side to which it belongs shall immediately bring it into play where it was held, by placing it dead in front of him, and any player may then put it in motion in any direction with his foot."

After a "down" in the United States game, the rules provide that the snapper-back is entitled to full and undisturbed possession of the ball. The opponents cannot interfere with the snapper-back, or touch the ball until it is actually put in play. The snapper-back is usually the centre, and his duty is to snap the ball with his hands back to the quarter-back, who passes it to the one who is to make the run with the ball or to the one who is to kick it.

In the Canadian game each side, theoretically, has an equal chance for the possession of the ball after it is put into play. In the United States game, the side which has the ball (barring a fumble) has a chance to run with it or kick it, while the ball can only be obtained by the opposing side by breaking through and blocking the ball on a kick, or by breaking up the interference and tackling the runner when a run is attempted. Thus, the possession of the ball is a greater advantage in the United States game than in that played by Canadians.

But some reader may exclaim, "Barring a fumble, may not the side in possession of the ball retain it to the crack of doom?" To guard against this, the rules provide that if the team in possession of the ball does not gain the distance of 5 yards in three "downs" or scrimmage, then the ball goes to the opposing side. To facilitate the measurement of this 5 yards, the whole field is marked off by lines 5 yards apart, thus giving to the field of play the appearance of a gridiron. Indeed, the United States football field is almost generally referred to as the "gridiron."

The two points noted above, viz.: the system of interference and the manner of putting the ball into play,

are mainly responsible for the difference now to be noted between the games of the two countries.

The following points of contrast, though none of them as revolutionary in character as the above, have all aided in the gradual separation of the two games.

(1) The length of the field is the same, viz.: 110 yards, but the Canadian rules provide that the width shall be 195 feet, the United States field being only 160 feet wide. This greater breadth is necessary in the Canadian game because of the openness of the play, and the consequent frequent kicking of and running with the ball. Point (2) below is a further reason for this difference in width.

(2) Until 1880 a United States team numbered as many as a Canadian aggregation—viz., fifteen; but from then on, the former have allowed but eleven players. Because of the many mass plays and the trend of the game to a scientific development, it was thought that thirty players interfered with each other and rendered the game too confused and uninteresting both for the players and spectators.

(3) The United States game lasts 70 min., 20 min. less than the Canadian. The difference is offset by the fact that the Canadian rules allow in case of injury, etc., a delay of 5 min., while 3 min. is the limit across the border. However, because of the various tandem and wedge plays, and the interference for runs around the end, the American game is harder on the players, and, generally speaking, more time is taken out for delay.

(4) A comparison of the rules relating to the *scoring of points* is self-explanatory. The Canadian rule reads :

"A goal kicked from a try shall score 6 points, from a drop-kick 5, from a free-kick 4, from a flying-kick or free-kick by way of a penalty 2; a try shall score 4, a safety-touch 2, and a rouge 1."

The United States rule is as follows :

"The following shall be the value of each point in the scoring: Goal obtained by touchdown 6, goal from field-kick 5, touchdown failing goal 4, safety by opponents 2."

(5) In a *try for goal* the United States rule allows the points to count should



the ball pass directly over the uprights or posts. The Canadian rule lays down that the ball must pass *between* the posts (or the posts produced). This is a small point, and yet how many Canadian games have been lost or won through this apparently insignificant fact!

(6) In a *kick-out*, a drop-kick, place-kick or punt is allowed in the United States game, while the Canadian rules permit only a drop-kick.

(7) The ball must go at least 5 yards on a *kick-off* according to the Canadian rules, 10 yards being required in American football. Should it pitch in touch twice it shall be scrimmaged by the side not offending on the spot where it was kicked if a Canadian game is in progress, while if it were an United States match the ball would go to the opponents for a kick-off. Should they also kick it twice into touch, then the ball is scrimmaged in the centre of the field.

(8) The rules relating to *out of bounds* are different. The Canadian rule provides that in such a case

"One of the side to which it belongs shall immediately bring it into play at right angles to where it went into touch (a) by bounding it in the grounds, (b) by throwing it out, (c) by taking it out from 5 to 15 yards and then scrimmaging it, first declaring the distance to the referee."

The United States rule is as follows:

"If the ball goes out of bounds, whether it bound back or not, a player of the side which touches it down must bring it to the spot where the line was crossed and there—either I. Touch it in with both hands at right angles to the side-line and then kick it, or II. Walk out with it at right angles to the side-line any distance not less than 5 nor more than 15 yards, and there put it down for a scrimmage, first declaring how far he intends walking."

9. The United States rule relating to the *possession of the ball* when it goes out of bounds is rather simple, though hardly as fair as the Canadian rule. The former merely states that the ball shall belong to the side which touches it down. The Canadian rule reads:

"When the ball goes into touch off a player it shall belong to the opposite side; when it is carried into touch it shall belong to the side possessing it."

10. The *penalty for fouls* in both games is the relinquishment of the ball to the opposite side. As shown above, this penalty is more severe in United States than in Canadian football.

11. If a player is *disqualified or injured* in the United States game, a substitute is allowed to take his place. In the Canadian game, the rule is more severe, and rightly so, in so far as disqualification occurs. Here, for unfair tactics, rough play, etc., "the referee is required first to warn the player; if the offence is repeated then the referee shall rule him off for the whole game or for such time as he may deem expedient and no substitute is allowed." In case of injury, substitutes are allowed in the first half, but not in the second half unless by agreement of the Captains before the match. If the Canadian rule as to disqualification were adopted over the border and substitutes for all injured players allowed in the Canadian game at any period of its progress, it seems to me that both games would be the gainer. The United States penalty for disqualification is too lax, while the Canadian rule for injury to players places a premium on rough play. If the referee is given the power to say whether a player is shamming or really injured, and keep him in the game or not, according to his judgment, then such a rule as the one proposed is certainly fairer than the present one. The latter punishes a whole team because of an accident caused in many cases by the unnecessary rough play of the opponents, and seems unfair in many cases.

12. The penalty for hacking, tripping, etc., is in Canada a free-kick. In the United States, "a free-kick or 15 yards is given. In case, however, the 15 yards will carry the ball across the goal line, they may have half the distance from the spot of the offence to the goal line, but shall not be allowed a free-kick." The last clause in the United States rule is eminently just, but the present development of Canadian football will not permit its incorporation into their rules. Under existing conditions a goal scored from a free-kick

counts but 2 points. This, and the consideration of the great effect that such a rule has in encouraging clean and fair playing argues that the Canadian rule is best adapted for their needs.

The above are the points of difference a careful observer will notice between the games as played in Canada and by our neighbours to the south of us.

The effects of these differences are manifold, so much so that the two games, although having many points in common, are quite different both from the standpoint of spectators and participators therein. The style of play of different teams varied both in the United States and Canada; but still the general conclusion must be drawn that the Canadian game is the more open. I have seen Canadian games where there appeared to be nothing but one interminable scrimmage, and United States matches where kicking and running with the ball was wholly the order of the day. Still, as at present played, the various mass plays constitute the backbone of the American game, while open running and passing are the main features of the Canadian pastime.

Indeed, the mass plays in the United States game have become so common and universal that various rules and regulations have been made to reduce the evil, for such it threatens to become both in the injury to the players and to the game from a spectacular standpoint.

Mr. Walter Camp, the father of American football, as he is called, suggests a means to make the game more like Canadian football. He suggests that a team be required to gain 10 yards instead of 5 in 4 downs, to keep the ball in their possession. This, he says, "would naturally make a faster game and certainly give us plenty of kicking and some of the old long passing and the criss-crosses." This is a direct compliment to the Canadian game, which has kept more strictly to the traditions of Rugby, and developed in a more conservative manner.

We thus see that the United States

game has less kicking, less running with the ball, consequently less tackling and less passing. The quarterback (outside of a trick play) is the only one who passes the ball. When passed, however, the United States player seems to hang to the ball like grim death. He will be torn in twain rather than relinquish it, but a simple double pass seems a difficulty which is well-nigh insurmountable. Indeed, in this particular, a United States player is a very child compared to his Canadian cousin, to whom accurate and swift passing is almost second nature.

The conclusion to be drawn from the above is that the Canadian game is the more exciting and pleasurable to the spectators. What Canadian youth will not tingle with excitement when he sees a runner going down the field dodging this one, evading that, shoving off the next, and then skilfully passing the ball just as he sees himself unavoidably tackled? Or what sweet maiden's heart will not rise in her throat when she sees a runner skilfully brought down, her sympathy for the runner and admiration of the tackler struggling for supremacy and bringing a warmer glow to her damask cheek? The frequency of such plays as this creates the absorbing interest in the game!

This openness of play makes a difference in the manner of men who play the games. The Canadian players are more agile, better dodgers, and better tacklers than their United States cousins, and, in general, the teams are lighter. In other words, mere brute force does not play so important a part in the Canadian as in the United States game.

Mr. Walter Camp makes this a further argument for more open play. He says: "What we do wish is to make the play more open. Not because close play is more fruitful of injury, nor because it is not scientific, but because it rather makes of mere brute force an ascendant quality, and tends to the introduction of plays that show too wide a discrepancy between mind and matter."

There is one point, however, in which the United States game is greatly superior to the Canadian. That is in its scientific development, as seen on the field of play. Because of the system of interference, and the manner of putting the ball into play, absolute certainty is given to the possessors of the ball that they may try any desired and preconceived attack on their opponents. At first sight it would seem as if everything were in favour of those on the offensive. But experience has brought the defensive tactics to a corresponding pitch of development. Now, when two first-class teams face each other, the suddenness and unexpectedness of the attack, *i.e.*, the absolute perfection and rapidity of the play, alone guarantees a gain. They are like two armies facing each other. If the captain of one team exposes his forces to the artillery of the other he is lost, but he may turn the tables by skilfully throwing up earthworks in an advantageous position and making him sound the retreat. In fact, it is surprising with what precision and rapidity an American team will execute their plays, and how quickly they will be met by their rivals.

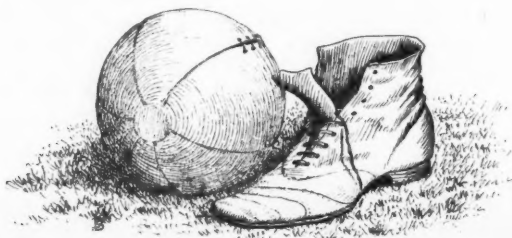
From the above it will be inferred the greatest stress is laid upon team work. Indeed, in this particular the United States teams are ahead of all others.

In one other respect, a result of the above point, the Canadian game is, in my opinion, superior to the United States, *viz.* : that it is not so injurious to the players. Owing to the mass plays, tandem formations, etc., the United States game is positively dangerous, and many are hurt. The Ca-

nadian game is no child's play. It is rough enough even for the most blood-thirsty spectator; but in it the limit of roughness for a game is about reached. The element of pleasure and recreation should predominate in any game, and when this is imperilled by dangerous plays these latter should be legislated against and done away with. As stated above, the latest rules in United States football have been directed against the mass play evil, but as yet, because of the ground-gaining power of these formations, the rules have not been severe enough, and, one way or another, crafty coaches have always succeeded in creating new formations almost as destructive as the old.

Summing it all up, we would say that as a game scientifically considered the United States is the better, in that it offers greater facilities for scientific development. From a spectacular and players' standpoint, however, the Canadian game must be given the preference. Open running with the ball, its consequent tackling and kicking, are the points best appreciated by any crowd. As these occur more frequently in the Canadian game, it is, consequently, the more interesting to watch. The Canadian players themselves have more real sport than their United States cousins, because, although the game is rough enough to suit the most hardy, still, it cannot be called dangerous, and on this account the element of pleasure is more pronounced. Thus, in all that goes to make up a game, Canadian Rugby is the preferable and deserves all the popularity to which it has attained in the past few years.

*Geo. W. Orton.*





## HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.\*

BY FERGUS HUME,

*Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.*

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A runaway gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate, and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures are to be related, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

### IV.—THE THIRD CUSTOMER AND THE JADE IDOL.

HAGAR was a shrewd, clear-headed girl, who, having been educated in the hard school of Jacob Dix, knew the value of money and the art of driving good bargains. Otherwise she was uncultured and uneducated, although, to speak truly, she had a considerable knowledge of pictures and china, of gems and silverware. But a school-boy knew more than she did as regards bookish information. She was ignorant of geography, as that science had been taught neither in the gipsy camp, nor in the Lambeth pawnshop. China was to her—ware, and not a vast empire of the East. But when the third customer came to pawn an idol of sea-green jade, Hagar learnt something concerning the Celestial Kingdom.

The man was a sailor, with a coarse face reddened by wind and salt-water, and two twinkling blue eyes which peered at her shrewdly from under shaggy eyebrows. He had strong, white teeth, which glistened through a heavy moustache, a head of fair, curly

hair, and a heavily-built figure, well-supported on stalwart legs. His rough trousers of blue serge, his black pilot jacket with brass buttons, and his gaudy loose cravat were all redolent of the ocean wave. Rings of gold in his large red ears added to his queer aspect; and he rolled into the shop like one to whom the firm earth is strange after the swinging and pitching of a ship.

The mariner cast uneasy glances over his shoulder as he entered the shop, and finally swung into one of the sentry boxes like a vessel coming to anchor. Here he took off his gold-banded cap and wiped his rough brow with a red handkerchief of Chinese silk. Hagar, with her hands resting lightly on the counter, waited for him to speak, and was rather surprised when he still kept silent, and still continued to glance over his shoulder in the direction of the door. Finally she lost patience.

"Well, what can I do for you?" she asked sharply.

The mariner leant across the counter, and spoke in a hoarse voice like the

\* Copyright. This story will run through twelve issues, a complete chapter being given in each number.

roaring of waves. "Nathaniel Prime is my name, miss," he said, almost in a whisper—"Nat fur short; and I'm third mate on board a tea ship as trades from Hong Kong to London port and back again."

"Well, Mr. Prime," said Hagar, as he paused, "what do you want?"

Nat pulled a small parcel wrapped in a blue check handkerchief out of his pocket, and plumped it on the counter. "I've a small article here, miss, as I wants to lodge with you for safe-keeping."

"Oh," said Hagar, adapting this speech to her own ideas, "you want to pawn something. What is it?"

"It's Kwan-tai—that's what it is, miss?"

Hagar drew back. "What gibberish are you talking?" she asked, frowning.

"Chinese," replied the mariner promptly. "Kwan-tai is the god of war in China, miss. This"—he unrolled the handkerchief and displayed a particularly ugly idol—"is his image. I got it from his temple in the Street of the Water Dragon in Canton. Jest look at it, miss—but wait a bit." He rolled back to the door, stepped on to the pavement, and looked to right and left. Apparently he was satisfied with this survey, for with a complacent whistle he returned to continue the conversation. "I thought that blamed Chinaman might be arter me," said he, slipping a plug of tobacco into his capacious mouth; "he'd knife me like to get that d—d thing there."

"Knife you man! What do you mean?"

"Why," said Mr. Prime, "this China monkey—Yu-ying is his name—wants to git that there god; so, as I don't want a bowie exploring my inside, I think it's good biz to leave it with you for safe keeping."

Hagar put down the idol and stepped back. "So you want to transfer the danger to me?" she said dryly. "No, thank you; take that ugly thing away."

"Now, don't you make any mistake, miss," said Nat, pushing back the idol in his turn. "Yu-ying don't

know as I'm on this lay. All I wants is to leave Kwan-tai in this here shop for a week. There ain't no danger in that."

Hagar picked up the god again and considered. It was a revoltingly ugly figure carved out of green jade, and had diamonds for eyes, crossed legs, and two large, fan-like hands crossed on a protuberant stomach. Not a desirable article to possess, save as a curiosity; but no doubt it had some sacred significance in the almond eyes of Yu-ying; hence his desire to obtain it, even at the cost of a man's life. For a moment or two Hagar hesitated as to taking Kwan-tai in pawn; but as there seemed to be no immediate danger, and might not be any, she resolved to trade. Hagar was so far Hebraic that she never lost the chance of making a bargain; but then, according to some folk, the Romany are a branch of the ten lost tribes.

"I'll give you thirty shillings on it," she said abruptly.

"Thirty bob it is," assented Nat promptly, "as all I want is to leave this 'ere idol in your diggings fur safety. If 'twas pawning, I guess thirty quid 'ud be nearer my price. I reckon that there piece of jade is worth two hundred pound!"

"I don't know the market value of jade," retorted Hagar impatiently. "All my business with you is to lend money on the thing. It's thirty shillings or nothing."

"Don't I tell you it's a deal?" said Mr. Prime, shifting the quid of tobacco to the other side of his mouth.

"Give us a scratch of the pen to say as you've got Kwan-tai in the locker."

"Name and address?" demanded Hagar, making out the ticket.

"Nathaniel Prime, mariner, 20, Old Cloe Street, Docks," said the sailor. "It's a pub, y'know, miss—The Nelson. I'll stand you a drink if you looks me up, and proud to do it for a slap-up gal like yourself!"

"Here's the ticket and the money, Mr. Prime. If that's all your business, get out sharp!"

"Sharp's the word," said the obedient mariner, slipping the thirty shil-



lings into his pocket; "and if Yu-ying comes smelling round here, jest you up anchor and steer for me at The Nelson. I'm the bad man from the back of beyond when that heathen's about!"

Mr. Prime nodded in a friendly way to Hagar, and rolled out of the shop door. She heard him singing a chanty as he left Carby's Crescent, and it was only when the roar of his lusty voice died away that she bethought herself of the diamond-eyed idol. Kwan-tai was a very ugly deity, but curious and attractive in his way; so, for the furtherance of business, and to see if there was any truth in Nat's story about Yu-ying, the girl placed the Chinese god in the shop window. He smiled as complacently there, out of his almond eyes, among the dusty wrecks, as formerly he had beamed on his worshippers in the Street of the Water Dragon in far Canton.

Now, if there be one vice above another which ruins the female sex, it is that of curiosity. Here was Hagar told a surprising fact concerning the idol Kwan-tai, and at once she resolved to test if Nat's story was true. By putting the jade god in the window she afforded Yu-ying a chance of seeing it; and then, if he wanted to possess the talisman—as it apparently was—she expected that he would enter the shop and offer to purchase it. Not for a moment did she think that he would kill her, or even attempt her life. That statement she believed to be an embellishment of Prime's to adorn his queer story.

"And I don't believe a word of it!" said the doubting Hagar. "However, the jade idol is exposed in the shop window, and we shall see what will come of it."

Greatly to her surprise, trouble came of her folly, and that speedily. At noon next day she was eating her simple dinner in the back parlour, with the door leading into the shop open, so that she might hear the approach of possible customers. Most of the inhabitants of the Crescent were within doors at the midday meal, and the lit-

tle square was quite deserted. Suddenly Hagar heard the crash of glass, and sat paralyzed for the moment in sheer astonishment at the unusual sound. When she recovered her wits and the use of her limbs, she ran rapidly into the shop, and beheld the warning of Nat Prime verified to the letter. The middle pane of the shop window was broken, and the jade idol was gone. With an ejaculation of surprise Hagar sprang to the door, and saw a blue-bloused figure racing down the narrow street which led to the thoroughfare.

"The Chinaman! the Chinaman!" cried Hagar, giving chase. "Thief! stop—stop—thief! Yu-ying! Yu-ying!"

Followed by a crowd, which had collected like magic in answer to her cries, Hagar sped as lightly as a deer down the alley. But she was no match for the nimble Chinaman. When she reached the crowded street, Yu-ying—as it doubtless was—could not be seen. She appealed to the bystanders, to a stolid policeman, to the cab-drivers; but all to no purpose. Certainly they had seen the Chinese thief flying out of the Carby Crescent *cul-de-sac*, but no one had taken particular notice of him. Hagar ran this way, that way; looked, questioned, considered; all in vain. Yu-ying had vanished as though the earth had swallowed him up, and with him the jade idol of Nat Prime. Blaming herself for her credulity and headstrong folly in putting Kwan-tai into the window, Hagar returned crestfallen to the pawnshop. Having placed a temporary barricade before the broken pane, and having sent for the glazier to mend it, Hagar sat down to consider what was to be done relative to the theft.

Assuredly Prime would return at the end of the week to redeem the jade god, and Hagar did not know what excuse to make for its loss. Without doubt Yu-ying had followed Nat to the shop on the previous day, and had ascertained the fact of the pawning. He had watched his opportunity to steal the god, as he evidently preferred this illegitimate way to buying it in a proper

manner. Probably Yu-ying, with the astuteness of the Chinese character, guessed that Hagar could not and would not sell it; hence his raid on the shop window. However, the idol was gone, and Hagar judged it wise to advise Nat Prime immediately of the loss. It might be that he knew the whereabouts of Yu-ying, and could tax him with the theft. Thinking this the best course to adopt under the circumstances, Hagar wrote to Prime at the address he had given her. Then she prepared to receive him, and to make the best of a bad business. In her letter she made no mention of the theft.

It was two days before Prime appeared in person to answer her note; and he explained his negligence by stating that he had been down at Cardiff to visit a friend. Then he asked to see the jade idol, and assure himself of its safety. When Hagar told him of its loss, and of Yu-ying's exploit, his rage was frightful. He swore volubly for ten minutes; and such was his command of bad language that he scarcely repeated himself in delivering a string of oaths. In his subsequent conversation it may be as well to omit these flowers of speech.

"I knew that blamed Chinaman had followed me!" he said, when somewhat calmer; "if y'd mind, miss, I went to look if the coast wor clear. He must ha' sneaked round the corner. Cuss all Celestials, say I!"

"I am sorry the idol is gone, Mr. Prime——"

"Now, miss, don't 'ee say another word. How was a young gal like you to best a Chinky? Why, Yu-ying 'ud have the teeth out of yer 'ead afore ye cud say knife!"

"Still, I am to blame, persisted Hagar. I should not have put the jade god in the window."

"Winder or no winder, it 'ud have been jest the same," returned Nat gloomily; "if Yu-ying hadn't got the god so easily, he'd have burgled the shop to get it. Aye, miss, and have cut your throat into the bargain!"

"Wy does he want this idol so particularly?"

"Fur the same reason as I do. Fifty thousand pounds is the reason!"

"Fifty thousand pounds!" echoed Hagar, drawing back; "the idol isn't worth that!"

"Not in itself, miss; but it kin get that cash. I reckoned to have it myself, and chuck deep-sea sailing; but now I opines that blamed John Chinaman's scooped the pool."

"Why don't you look up Yu-ying and tax him with the theft?"

"He'd on'y lie, miss; and as fur looking him up, I guess he's made himself mighty scarce by this time. But I'll go on the trail, anyhow. Good-day t'ye, miss, and don't you put trust in them Chinese devils."

After which speech Nat rolled away with a philosophical air, leaving Hagar very regretful for having contributed to the loss of the idol by her negligence and perverse folly. All the same, she did not believe the statement about the fifty thousand pounds. Yet, as she might have argued, but did not; as Nat had told the truth concerning the desire of Yu-ying to possess the idol, so why should he not have spoken truly concerning the money? And, after all, Hagar knew no details likely to confirm the tale. On consideration she dismissed Nat and Yu-ying and the jade Kwan-tai from her thoughts, and considered that she had purchased a new experience at the cost of thirty shillings.

In the meantime, Nat was seated in the taproom of the Nelson, down the docks way, with a pipe in his mouth and a tankard of beer before him. For several days he had sat thus alone, waiting—as would appear from his expectant attitude—for some visitor. Four days after the loss of the idol he was no longer by himself, for in a chair near him sat a dried-up, alert man, clothed in black, with bright eyes and a keen expression. This individual was a gentleman—a doctor—and the visitor expected by Nat Prime.

"If y'd on'y come a week ago, I'd not have pawned the idol," sad Nat in a gloomy tone, "an' the blamed thing wouldn't have been lost."

"Yes, yes ; I see, I see. But why did you pawn it?" asked the doctor fretfully.

"Why," said Prime drily, "'cause I didn't want my throat cut by Yu-ying ; as long as I carried that idol on me my life wasn't worth a red cent !"

"How did Yu-ying learn the value of the idol?"

"He was a priest in the war-god's temple, I reckon. I've seed him do joss-pigeon a dozen times ; and when he kim on board the *Havelock* as steward I guessed as he was arter the idol. But I slept with one eye open," added Nat triumphantly, "an' I guess he didn't best me till I put Kwan-tai into that blamed popshop !"

"But I don't see how he gained a knowledge of the iron box in London," persisted the doctor irritably, "or learnt about Poa's treasure."

Prime drank some beer, and leant forward to speak, emphasizing his remarks by means of his pipe stem. "Now, look'ee here, Dr. Dick," said he slowly, "what was it y' told me a year ago, afore I went this trip to Chiner?"

"Why," said Dr. Dick thoughtfully, "I told you that my uncle had been at the sack of the Summer Palace in Pekin. Chinese helped to loot the place as well as the French and English. Among these a priest called Poa collected a number of small gold images of Kwan-tai to the value of fifty thousand pounds, and fled with them to England. He placed these in an iron box, and left it with a countryman of his own in London. After selling a few of the images he returned to China, and to his service as a priest in the Temple of Kwan-tai in Canton. He intended to send for the iron box and restore the images of the god to his temple ; but, struck down by sickness, he was unable to carry out his intention. Fearful of being tortured for sacrilege if he told the truth, Poa wrote in Chinese characters a description of the whereabouts of the treasure in London, and placed the paper in the interior of a small jade idol with diamond eyes which stood in the Kwan-

tai Temple in the Street of the Water Dragon. My uncle did some service for Poa, who, out of gratitude, told him the secret. Shortly afterwards he died, and my uncle, unable to gain access to the temple and steal the idol, was forced to return to England. He took up his residence at Christchurch, Hants, and died there, leaving a paper telling the story of Poa's treasure. I found the paper two years ago, and knowing you were trading to Canton, I came up to see you."

"Yes," said Prime, taking up the thread of the story, "and you asked me to get the jade idol out of that there temple. Well, I stole it, and I believe that pig of a Yu-ying saw me stealing. Any rate, he turned up aboard the *Havelock*, and somehow—I can't guess in what way—he learnt the whole yarn, and tried to git back the idol. I bested him on the voyage ; and when I kim ashore I expected to find you and git the iron box right away. I——"

"I was ill," interrupted Dick impatiently. "I couldn't come up. You might have got the treasure yourself and then shared it with me."

"Now, that's blamed silly, doctor ! I couldn't read the Chinese writing which I found inside the idol ; and as you're a Chinese scholar, taught by your uncle, y' said, I waited fur you to kim up and read it. Fur safety, I put the idol in that popshop, and Yu-ying—cuss him—followed me and stole it. So I guess by this time he's got the whole lot of the golden gods."

"Probably ; but how did he learn that they were in existence, and that the production of the jade idol was necessary to obtain the treasure of Poa?"

"Can't say, sir, unless that Poa told some of his brother priests."

"Poa died fifteen years ago," replied Dick sharply ; "if he had told them on his death-bed, they would not have waited all this time to get the treasure."

"Well, I calc'late as they've annexed the same this trip," said Nat coolly.

While thus conversing, the landlord of the Nelson entered the taproom, and informed Prime that a lady wished

to see him. Rather surprised—for he had few female friends—Nat instructed that the visitor should be admitted. In a moment or so she appeared on the threshold, and, to his still greater surprise, Nat beheld Hagar.

"'Tis the popshop gal!" he said, rising. "And what might you want, miss?"

"To restore to you the jade idol," replied Hagar, taking the god Kwan-tai out of her pocket.

"Glory alleluia!" shouted Nat, snatching it from her grasp. "How the creation did you git it?"

"When I opened the shop door this morning, it was hanging to the knob by a string."

"Yu-ying couldn't make anything out of it, I guess. Here, doctor, see if the paper's inside."

Dick, in a state of considerable excitement—having been previously instructed by his uncle's paper how to discover the secret—unscrewed the head of the idol. When off, a cavity was revealed; inside the cavity a strip of rice paper, scrawled with Chinese characters in vermilion. While he was deciphering these, Nat turned to Hagar.

"Thankee, miss," he said graciously. "If we git the money, I'll give 'ee a pound or so."

"I don't want it," replied Hagar abruptly. "Give me the pawn-ticket and thirty-one shillings—that is, what I gave you and the percentage. Then I'll go."

Nat produced money and ticket from his pocket, and gave them into her hand. "But I'd like to do summat fur your gitting that idol back," said he wistfully.

"Well, Mr. Prime," said Hagar, pausing at the door with a smile, "when you get the fifty thousand pounds you talk about, reward me by coming to the shop and telling me the story. I should like to know why Yu-ying stole the god; also why he restored it."

"I'll tell 'ee, never fear, miss; and a rum yarn it is. Y' won't take a dram, miss? No? Well, good-day! good-day and thankee."

When Hagar retired Nat came back to the table, and found that Dr. Dick had ascertained the meaning of the Chinese characters. They gave the address of one Yeh, who kept an opium shop—or rather den—in Vesey Street, Whitechapel.

"We must go there," said Dick, rising, "and interview this Yeh. I dare say he has the iron box in charge."

"I guess some Chinky of sorts has the box," assented Nat, "but 'twon't be Yeh. If Poa lef' the box along o' him, I guess he's dead and buried by this time. Even Chinamen ain't immortal."

"Yeh or another—what does it matter, Prime? All we have to do is to show Kwan-tai's jade image to the custodian of the box, and it will be handed over to us."

"That's so," replied Nat, glancing at his watch. "Seems as we've got the whole arternoon to engineer the job. Let's grub a bit, and start right away for Whitechapel."

While at the meal, Prime seemed thoughtful, and did not respond very enthusiastically to Dr. Dick's delight at discovering the whereabouts of the treasure. Dick commented on this.

"You don't seem over-pleased, Nat," he said in a piqued tone, "yet your share will be twenty-five thousand pounds; and you ought to be both contented and delighted. What's your trouble?"

"Yu-ying, doctor. I don't trust that heathen a cent. What did he give back the jade god for?"

"Because he couldn't find the secret of opening it," replied Dick; "and seeing that the image was no good, he restored it to its proper owner."

Nat shook his head. "As a priest of the temple, Yu-ying is the proper owner of that there god," said he doubtfully. "I stole it, y'know, so 'twasn't mine; not much. No, doctor; there's something queer about the biz. Guess this Chinky's rubbin' it in with salt."

"What do you mean, Nat?"

"Why," said Mr. Prime coolly, "'twouldn't surprise me to find as how

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Yu-ying has lifted the lot of them gods of gold, and he's sent back Kwan-tai so as we kin take a squint at the empty box. It 'ud be like a Chiner d—I to play low in that style."

"I hope not, I trust not!" cried Dick, turning pale. "But we had better make certain of what has been done. Come, Nat; let us start for Whitechapel at once."

Still shaking his head, for a long acquaintance with Chinamen had inspired him with a wholesome mistrust of the race, Nat paid his bill, and set out for Whitechapel in the company of Dr. Dick.

"You take my word for it, doctor," said he when they were in the train, "there's a big sell waiting for us at the end of this trip. I guess 'twasn't honesty has made that Celestial give back the jade idol."

On arriving at Whitechapel, the two adventurers had some difficulty in discovering Vesey Street; and it was quite an hour before they ascertained its whereabouts. It proved to be a narrow and dirty alley of no great length, midway in which was placed the dwelling of Yeh. A red-painted sign, sprinkled with golden Chinese characters, announced that the house was "the Abode of a Hundred Blessings," and that Yeh was a dealer in goods from the Flowery land. Dick translated this for the benefit of Nat, who could speak, but not read, Chinese, and commented thereon.

"Either the original Yeh is in existence, or this is a son of his," he said, and on Nat grunting assent they stopped at the door of the house which they fondly hoped contained the treasures of Poa, the golden idols of the Imperial dynasty of T'sin.

In answer to their knock, a sleek, soft-footed China boy, dressed in a blue indigo-hued blouse, and with his pig-tail down, appeared to admit them. Nat, as more experienced in Chinese speech, explained that they wanted to see Yeh. After some hesitation, the boy conducted them through a long dark passage into a rather large room piled up with goods, in the midst of

which moved three or four Chinamen. These packages were the ostensible reason of Yeh's business; but at the back of the shop, through another dark passage, there was an opium den. The boy spoke to a spectacled Chinese merchant about the two Englishmen, whereupon he came forward and addressed them in his own tongue.

"What can your vile slaves do for the lords who honour his despicable house?" asked the suave Celestial, with all the flowery humbug of Chinese speech. Nat, conversant with such rhodomontade, replied in a familiar fashion, "Your humble guests would see the learned and respectable Yeh."

"He is my worshipful father," said the Chinaman with a bow. "And what would the gracious lords with the reverend Yeh?"

For answer Nat pulled the jade idol out of his pocket; at the sight of which the son of Yeh went as green as the god's image. Down he fell on his knees and knocked his forehead three times on the floor; after which, without wasting time in explanation, he conducted the two Europeans into the opium den. Here, on a kind of elevated platform, and under the grotesque face of a particularly ugly Joss, sat Yeh, the merchant, a very old and wrinkled man. He wore heavy spectacles with tortoiseshell rims; also a thickly-wadded blouse of red silk embroidered elaborately with gold thread. Like his son, he was greatly struck by the sight of jade Kwan-tai, and, like him, made genuflections.

"The learned Poa was my much esteemed friend," he said, bowing to the Europeans; "with me he left an iron box, to be delivered to him who showed me the image of the mighty war-god. But Poa did not say that the sacred jade god would be shown twice!"

"Oho!" cried Dick, in disgust. "Yu-ying!"

"You know the name, I see," said Yeh, a trifle grimly; "this priest of the temple in the Street of the Water Dragon is your much-admired friend?"

"Yes, yes," said Nat eagerly; "we gave him the jade box so that he



should come and look at the iron box of Poa; but we did not tell him to take it away."

"He obeyed your commands, my lord," replied Yeh, rising stiffly; he looked at the box, but he did not take it away."

Dr. Dick jumped up with a cry of relief and delight. "Then the box is here!" he said in excited tones. "Take us to see it at once!"

"It awaits your noble presence in another room."

So speaking, Yeh, followed by the anxious adventurers, passed through a little door into a kind of strong-room, dimly lighted by a small grated window. In a corner, towards which the old Chinaman pointed, there was a large iron box painted black, upon the lid of which were inscribed some Chinese characters in white paint. From a nail above this Yeh took a small copper key and presented it to Dick with a bow. Then he turned to go. "My lords can look at Poa's secret alone," said he, backing with many bows to the door.

"Who am I that I should meddle with the business of those favoured by Kwan-tai?"

On being left alone the two men looked at one another in some surprise and a little doubt. "The job's been easier than I thought," said Nat, after a pause. "All the same, I guess as Yu-ying's got some trick to play us."

"Impossible!" replied Dick, going on his knees before the box. "Here is the key, and within, no doubt, we shall find the golden gods of T'sin."

"Well," said Nat with a nod, "if everything's square, I'll never cuss a heathen Chinese again. Open the box, doctor."

The key turned easily in the lock, and Dick flung back the lid. In an instant a jet of fire spouted out with a great roar. The two men, the room, and the greater part of Yeh's dwelling were blown to shreds. They had expected to discover a fortune, instead of which they found dynamite and a terrible death.

Two months after this, when London had almost forgotten the mysterious explosion in Vesey Street, White-chapel, a Chinaman was reporting himself to the priests of Kwan-tai's temple, Canton, in this fashion:

"Most holy men," said he, pointing to a number of golden images which lay on a lacquer table before him, "here are the images of Kwan-tai, the gods of the Imperial House of T'sin, brought back from the dark land of the Outer Barbarians by your servant Yu-ying. When your greatneses found the confession of the evil priest Poa that he had stolen the gods, and had confided the secret of their whereabouts to the jade image of Kwan-tai, you ordered your unworthy slave to search and find the treasure, so that it should be restored to the temple in the Street of the Water Dragon. But before your servant could depart to the Land of Darkness a foreign devil, also possessed of Poa's secret, stole the jade image which contained the name of the hiding-place. I, foolish Yu-ying, followed the barbarian in a tea-junk to his own land; but it was many days before I could get the jade image. Then the foreign devil pawned for gold the sacred idol of war, and it was placed in the window of the shop. I broke the window, most reverend priests; I stole the image, and going to the house of Yeh I recovered the golden idols which are now before you. But I wished to punish Yeh for his sacrilege in conspiring with Poa against Kwan-tai; and also I desired to kill the foreign devil who had thieved the jade god. To this end I removed the golden idols from the box, and in their place I left a dangerous powder of the barbarians, which they call dynamite. This I arranged with care, so that when the lid of the box was flung open it would rush out like the breath of the Fire Dragon, and slay those who came to steal the gods. As I intended, holy ones, so it happened, as I have learnt since. The foreign devil and a friend were shattered, and also the house of Yeh was destroyed. It was for this purpose that I restored the idol Kwan-

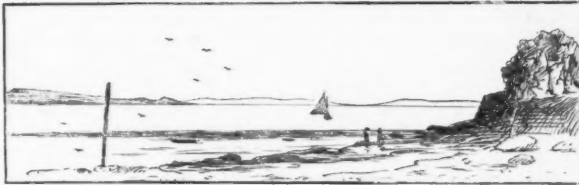
tai to the pawnshop; and thus did I lure the foreign devils to their deaths. Now, no one knows the truth, mighty servants of Kwan-tai, save yourselves. Say, have I done well?"

And all the sleek priests answered with one voice: "Yu-ying, you have

done well. Your tablet shall be placed in the temple of Kwan-tai."

And while this explanation was being made, Hagar, in far-off London, was waiting for Nat Prime to hear the story of the jade idol. But he never appeared.

(To be Continued.)



### BE TRUE.

"But above all, to thine own self be true."—SHAKESPEARE.

"BUT above all, to thine own self be true."

No worldly gain, or power, or pride, or pelf,  
Cures that deep pang which makes the traitor rue—  
False to his conscience and his better self.

Hast thou a friend? Then let no lust of gains  
Urge thee to wrong him in life's fevered race:  
Not e'en betrayal fear, that worst of pains,—  
'Tis pain, but not disgrace.

Fear not the scoff of coward and of cheat;  
Shun false success, by guile or treachery marred;  
Be sure at last thy truth with truth will meet,  
And thou have thy reward.

*Reginald Gourlay.*

### DAY DREAMS.

UNDER the sighing pines beside the drowsy stream,  
Where locusts drone the livelong summer's day,  
And birds make love or give themselves to play,  
I lie upon a fragrant leafy bank and dream,

The pleasant day-dreams, which like the sunbeam,  
That for an instant breaks the leafy covert's shade,  
Yet ere its presence is fully felt doth quickly fade,  
To be replaced by other bright and passing gleam;  
So run my thoughts in gayest fancy free,

From love, to castles in the air or Sunny Spain,  
Then back to memories of sweet love again,  
And all the world is full of melody.

O happy hours! from dreary care thus set apart  
To con the tender lessons of the heart.

*G. M. Fairchild, Jr.*

## THE PILLARS OF THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

V.—OUR M.P.

*With Three Illustrations by F. H. Brigden.*

OUR M.P. is a grand man. Of course when he is home amongst us he is a little bigger than when he gets down to Ottawa, where there are men of his size, and more. Politically speaking, he is a back bencher, and a good many of us realize it, though we found it out at Ottawa and not in his own county that ran him and built bonfires when he was elected. It's strange, but most people go down to the Capital with the idea that their particular member must be well up to the button-pressing place; and it is quite a shock to find that he is not a shining light, that few people know who he is or what his county is, or the scratch he had to make his last election. But I am not disparaging our member. He is an honest man and we are proud of him for that. Granny Sykes said she guessed he was too honest to get mixed up with all their goings-on, and that it was altogether likely they'd let him almost run things if it wasn't that he was just too good for their bad ways. We are behind the times, the summer visitors tell us, for we hold that a man should be clean-mouthed, clean-handed and clean-lived first, and then if the world doesn't want him for its great places, it is the world that is wrong. A man who dirties himself with the world's concerns to buy its favours has gone around the long way home. There are people who think a man ought to work at his business, or politics, or whatever he is at, first, and develop character and live religious next. We don't. We may be old-fashioned, but the good people of our town have lived and died on those principles and, so far as we can know, they have had no trouble.

Our member's name is Brown—Richard Bagner Brown; the Bagner is

after his mother, and a fine woman she is. His father died when Richard was only sixteen, and the eldest of six. The widow was ailing and as poor as Job's turkey, and their fifty acres was mortgaged. Many a stronger woman would have given up and died of "give-up," and the doctors would have called it heart failure, or cerebral hemorrhage, or some big name. But Martha Brown was brave. Through that fragile little body and behind that puny, peaked face there was blood with good grit in it, and that kind of sand is worth more than the kind you get up in Klondike.

Dick is like his mother. He has all her push and go, and he earned his right to nomination and election. He had come up from nothing, as you might say, and had worked his muscle and brain for all it was worth. We don't believe in worldly success as a measuring stick, but when a man has proved that he can make a living out of his head or his hands—a good, honest living without let or favour, and without wronging a soul—it does seem to us that he has earned a right to the respect of all people.

Things went well with our member. He was one of us, and we were proud to see his name in the paper, and we read his speeches and talked about them for days, and the children parsed them in school. That's one thing about our M. P.'s. speeches, they can be parsed. I've heard a good many that couldn't. All the members used to get a trunk of stationery (that's all to be done away with now, for we've got a good Government), and Richard always sent his trunk home to his mother. There were stacks of paper and envelopes, and note-books and pen-knives and card cases. Mrs.

Brown used to send for the neighbours to come and see all the pretty things, and Dick's little brothers and sisters were the envy of the whole school on account of the traveling ink-bottles and penholders, and folding scissors they had. Richard stuck to his church. He brought his mother in on his arm and kept the youngsters quiet during service. He was more than a pillar, he was a pocket, too—always ready to give, and if he could spare only a little he didn't feel ashamed that it wasn't so much as others gave. There were people who wondered how our member yoked his church pew and the political stump together, but he did, and neither of them seemed hurt by it. One day Silas Jones taxed him and laid around some remarks on the floor that seemed to mean Richard was a hypocrite. He didn't answer, and the old man persisted: "You don't believe what I believe, and you think I'm narrer, don't you now?"

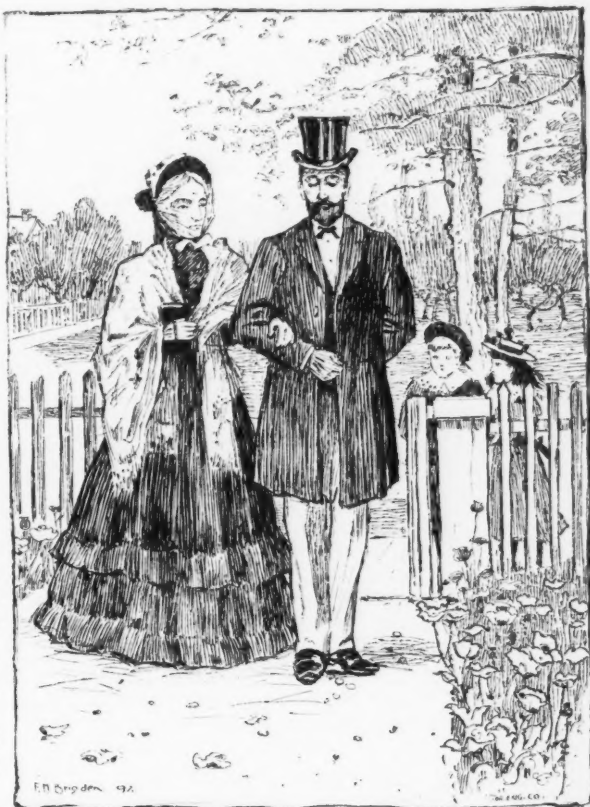
"Yes, and what then?" asked Richard Brown. "Well, how can you stay in the church?" he cackled. He is a most irritating man when he laughs. I never heard tell of any one who could put so much contempt and threatening into one laugh as he can.

Then our member made a speech at him.

"Do you think you are the whole church?" he said. "It's my church as well as yours. I was christened in

it, and my parents were christened and married in it; my grandfathers and grandmothers lived and died in it, and I'm of it, blood and bone. It may be wrong in places. I'm likely not quite right myself, but I'm not going to leave it because you think this and that and I think that and this. You can go on your way and I will go mine, and I shouldn't wonder if we would both fetch up at the same gate, even if one or other was side-tracked part of the way along."

It's a comfortable way to look at it, and with so many different natures and places and positions and temptations, I guess we need more charity than doctrines.



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"He brought his mother in on his arm."



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"Then our member made a speech at him."

As the years jogged along, and Richard Brown kept his seat in Parliament, and bought more land and improved it, and improved the house and built barns, and educated his brothers and sisters, and when his mother got old, we naturally looked for him to marry. Many a girl who had heard how gay Ottawa was for members' wives, and all about Government House and what you do and wear and see, kept her eyes on the member at church and at socials and such. But nothing ever came of it, and one day, to our great surprise, when we had about given him up as a settled old batch, home he came with a wife. She was a little thing with tiny hands and feet, a pair of dolly blue eyes, and lots of pretty clothes. She seemed to look up to her husband, and as for Richard, his eyes just followed her from pillar to post. We had it settled that she had philandered after him, for her pa was a member and they'd seen each other at several sessions. Then

there came a day when the brightness all went out of his face and it grew set and hard, and then in a year the young wife died and Richard was so broken down we were all afraid he'd never go down to another session. He seemed weighted with more than the sorrow of losing her. He was broken more than bereavement breaks a strong man, and we knew there was something back of it. Some of the church folks went almost to headquarters to find out what it was, but two whole

years we were in the dark.

It all came out, though, when little Nellie Brown was sixteen. She was a gay little thing, as chirpy as a robin in cherry time, and she fell in love with Paul Robinson—a good-for-nothing fellow, whose one good point was his manly love for her. Mrs. Brown was nearly distracted. Richard was in Ottawa, and she sent for him the day after young Paul asked her for Nellie. He came straight home, and, somehow, it got around town, and Jacob Stinson, who is thirty-two and looks more, came marching up to the Brown farm and told Richard he would like to marry Nellie himself. Now Jacob really did like the child, and he would have been good to her, as he was to other things he owned—horses and hens and sheep. But he had tried to make love to Nellie before and she had given him more than a hint of the quarter the wind was in. Jacob's idea of marriage, though, had a French top-dressing, and he seemed to think it was

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more Richard's and Mrs. Brown's affair than it was Nellie's.

Our member had aged in the two years since his wife died—grown grey at the temples, and sallow and thin, and there was a flash in his eyes sometimes which meant that fires of the soul were burning.

"Do you think Nellie loves you?" he asked Jacob.

Jacob admitted that he knew she did not, but that girls would be girls, and they generally settled after marriage. Then Richard told him that a man who took a loveless bride in ignorance was to be pitied of heaven and earth, but that a man who let a girl marry him, if he knew there was no love in her heart, was a beast, and should be lashed, and Jacob struck at him and got two black eyes for the one he gave our member. Richard spoke bitterly, but his heart was sore, for he had his first difference with his mother that morning. She was all for Jacob.

She said he was a nice, respectable fellow, and had a good home and a good name, and young Paul Robinson was the worthless son of a scamp father, and what could Nellie expect but sorrow if she married him. Then Richard told her something she had never guessed at. He told her that he had married his little girl-wife against her best wish—that her mother had over-persuaded her—that he did not even know she had ever had another real lover, and that when he found that she cared more for the memory of the other than for her husband, he could have killed himself.

"Poor little thing," he cried. "She did what they told her,

and God was good to her when He took her away from me. I never had the divine right to hold her in my arms. The minister did marry us, but it was no marriage in the best sense."

Then Richard sent for Paul and talked to him, and the poor fellow broke down, and said he knew he did not deserve Nellie, but he loved her, and she loved him, and they both thought it was right to speak about it, and that he had just begged Mrs. Brown to give him a chance to prove he could be something.

He was only a boy, and Nellie, who was hiding in the cupboard, said he never looked so handsome as when he plead for a chance to make himself, and said he was willing to serve his seven years for his little sweetheart.

And then Richard Brown did an odd thing. He jerked open the cupboard door and drew out Nellie all flushed and mortified, and wet-eyed, and he said: "You shall have my little sister for



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"He sent for Paul and talked to him."

your wife as soon as you have made a home for her." Of course Nellie and Paul blessed him, but Mrs. Brown fumed and fretted a good deal, and told the neighbours more than she had any call to. But going against our M.P. is like running into a stone wall; so finally she gave in.

Jacob never forgave him, and he worked against him in the last election.

There was no mistake about Paul. He only needed waking and setting on his feet. Nellie wakened him and Richard stood him up and encouraged him. Their marriage was a very happy one. Not that they're rich. They never have too much money, and Nellie has to turn her dresses and do most of her cooking, but they like each other, and nothing else matters much.

You'll see our member if you go to Ottawa—he's tall and stooped a little, and his face is white and wide and strong. I think it's a little proud and hard myself, but a man cannot suffer as he has suffered without bearing some marks of it, unless he is perfectly unselfish, and not many of us are that, so we needn't expect other people to

be. I'm looking for great things from him—not great things that make a noise in the world, but things that count up above. If he never does anything more, he saved one woman from a loveless marriage, and lived up to the brotherhood of man when he showed poor Paul he trusted him.

Richard has the right ideas. He says that while we draw our skirts from poor soiled womanhood, we should never bow to loveless wives. There is no difference. A marriage for money is legalized traffic in virtue. It is a sin and a shame and a pollution. If there could be any legal help for it, maybe he could pull the strings a bit, but all the legislators can do is to undo the unbearable marriages, and sometimes the divorce cure is worse than the disease itself.

But good homes can never be founded in that fashion, and because of a mother's preaching down "a daughter's heart" our member carries a set face towards the world, and has a sore, sore spot in a heart than which never was one more true.

*Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton).*



#### POND LILIES.

COME! My love, and let us go  
Wandering where the lilies blow;  
Floating in a lazy dream,  
How their snowy blossoms gleam!  
Come! And while away the hours,  
Cares beguiling 'midst the flowers  
Of the lilies blooming, where  
Summer zephyrs gently stir.  
Come! My love, and we'll gather  
Lilies, white and gold, together,  
Where their cups expanding bloom  
O'er the stagnant water's gloom.

*C. T. Easton.*

## THE APOTHEOSIS OF PADDY LARRISEY.

*By the author of "Rod and Canoe in Quebec's Adirondacks," etc.*

FROM whatever point of view you regarded it, our parish was a flat contradiction of all the laws which are supposed to regulate the coming into being of a community whose only means of subsistence was the land. The elements physical and human were rugged and austere, with little to lighten the gloom of the fierce contest between them for supremacy.

A noisy, rapid-tossed river made possible a narrow valley enclosed with granite ribbed mountains. A road followed the tortuous river windings, and the farms ran up the mountain sides in three acre strips, as was the custom of the country. As the valley became populated, settlement pushed over and along the tops of the mountains—wherever a foothold could be obtained. A worthy Scotchman was the founder of our parish, the Government having conceded him a vast tract of wild lands in the rear of the old French parishes in the rich and fertile valley of the St. Lawrence River, and north of the City of Quebec. He had peopled it with all conditions and races of men, with the famines of the old world behind them, and the land hunger of the new world in their hearts. Few of the settlers had been bred farmers, but were of many trades and occupations. Cast upon the wharves of Quebec with no capital other than sturdy arms and a numerous progeny, the offer of land for almost the taking was not to be resisted, and once in possession nothing could root them from it. Yet, every acre had to be reclaimed from dense forest, and gaunt hunger would have stalked in their midst before the settlers obtained a sufficiency from the soil to supply their wants had not fish and game been abundant.

Spring came late, summer was short, and autumn merged quickly into the long winter of fierce cold and deep

snows. We were forced to adopt some of the customs of our French neighbours, and our rude houses of logs, with few windows, kept out the winter's blasts, while the great oblong square, three-decker stove kept us warm. We dressed summer and winter in the *étouffe du pays*, and we soon adopted the long beef moccasins for our feet. In all other respects, however, we clung tenaciously to the customs of our respective countries. We were as Scotch as a Highland glen, as Irish as Killarney, or as English as Yorkshire, and the dividing lines were but a line fence, or a piece of bush. National prejudices and rancour were strongly implanted in us, and we made active contention to keep alive our ancient customs and to assert our dislikes. The dependency upon one another's good services in time of need or trouble might temporarily establish a truce to our hostilities in order that we might make cause against the common enemy—want and nature, but peace was never proclaimed.

When Moriarty fell sick at the potato planting it was Black Gordon and his boys who put his crop in for him, and shortly upon his recovery gave him a beating at the end of a dispute over a line drain. Moriarty retaliated by pulling Gordon out of the river that winter amid the floating ice, to the imminent peril of his own life, and Gordon felt no coals of fire heaped upon his head.

When the entire parish took sides and matters began to assume a critical aspect, the three clerical gentlemen who presided over the spiritual affairs of the people would suspend their own religious differences for the moment to preach a gospel of toleration and good will among men; this was most edifying to listen to, but somehow failed of its purpose in the crisis of a municipal

election or a school-board meeting—for the same reasons perhaps that old McAnney failed to establish “pace” at such gatherings. He would skirmish upon the outer edge of the crowd with pockets well filled with stones, one of which he would let fly with telling effect whenever unobserved. The row then breaking out afresh old McAnney would force his way into the thickest of the fray, calling out in indignant tones: “Pace boys! pace! Remember wat the clergy do be after tellin’ us.”

Removals from our parish in those early days were rare. The pride of possession, and the attachment to the homes hallowed by the creation of our own hands and the sweat of brow, had set our roots firmly into the granite of the mountains, and we were not to be stirred except by the one great leveller—Death. It was a surprise, therefore, when Sergeant Robin Maxwell, late of Her Majesty’s 78th, announced to his neighbour, Sandy McAlmon, as the two toil-stained men stood leaning wearily over the fence that divided their land late in the day of a September ploughing, that he was a-wearyin’ wi’ the struggle, and gin he could find a purchaser for the lan’ he would ‘een be a flittin’.

“Dods, mon,” continued he, “a life o’ sojerin’ a’m thinkin’ no fits a mon for farmin’. The soun o’ the pipes, and the clank o’ sword an’ rifle are mair to ma taste than fechtin’ wi’ stumps an’ wrastlin’ wi’ ploo. A claymore, Sandy, is handier in ma hand than ma axe.”

Sandy was speechless for a time, regarding his neighbour as a man who had suddenly taken leave of his senses, and then he answered cautiously:

“A’m no sayin’ your no richt, Robin, but it’s a bonnie farm, an’ it’s a’ your ain, an’ you’r your ain maister.”

“Ma ain maister,” contemptuously replied Robin. “A’m a slave, an’ a’m driven nair to death in chains of ma ain forgin’. Am gangin’ to Quebec, Sandy, to enlist the noo.”

The lurid flame of late sunset hung upon the mountain top, deep shadows crept into the little valley, while the

mists from the new ploughed fields lay close to the ground, ere the two men separated, but Robin’s determination remained unshaken.

A few evenings later he jogged slowly homeward from Quebec in a beatific condition of mind and body, which proceeded from two causes: a Queen’s shilling lay buried in his pocket, and a little brown jug was ensconced in a position of safety and readiness between his feet in the front of the cart. When he overtook Paddy Larrisey trudging along somewhat unsteadily under the double burden of over-indulgence and a sack of flour, he invited Paddy to a seat beside him.

The drive is a long one, the roads were rough and the night grew dark and cold. At the turn of the road at Lee’s corners a steep unfenced hillside made a close turn a necessity. Robin had just handed the reins to Paddy, and the jug was being uplifted to his mouth, when old Bess with a perversity born of all her sex deliberately went over the declivity, and men, cart, and horse rolled to the bottom in a confused heap.

It was Robin who first found voice. “Paddy,” exclaimed he faintly, “a’m ‘een maist deid, but a keepit ma thumb i’ the mooth o’ the jug, an’ if you’ll cam to me, Paddy, and pull me frae the cairt a’m thinkin’ anither wee soop wod restore me.”

“Holy saints!” answered Paddy. “Shure the top of the worrold’s upon me, and the Devil is pullin’ at me extremities; if the angels of Hiven can’t get a lever to pry me out of his clutches I’m afeared, Robin man, its ‘deid’ you’ll be for want of a drap afore I’m able to help you.” There was a confused sound of struggle here, and deep groans from Paddy, as old Bess who had been lying a-top of the Irishman scrambled to her feet, and released from the cart contentedly commenced to graze.

“Shure me heart’s dishplaced and me bowels is crushed by the dirty baste,” growled Paddy. “Robin man, have you got your thumb in the nick of that jimie-john yit, for be gobs it’s only me mouth around that same nick

that'll convinche me that me own's sthill on me shoulders."

"Ay Paddy," responded Robin, "but I'll no tak ma thumb oot ontill 'am loosed frae the cairt. Ma heed's a'tween the spokes o' ane wheel, an' ma two feet are tangled i' the ither. Its i' the stocks I am like the covenanters o' old, but a'm thinkin' nane o' them e'er haud a jug o' whuskey at his thumb aind. It's a mercifu' deespen-sation o' providence, Paddy, and as the bible says—"

"Shure av ye's goin' to be dishputin religion with me, it's divil the sthip I'll take to help you from your commenantin position. It's sthrange to me ears wat your bible says, but I know full well wat Father O'Brien will say to me for this night's doins."

Robin extricated at last, the two worthies sat them down in the dewy grass amid the wreckage, and, after a prolonged gurgling observation of the stars through the little jug, proceeded to make a night of it. The mellowing influences of the common misfortune and that of the little jug established a bond of amity between the two, which soon led to mutual confidences, but it was Paddy who first voiced the troubles which were seemingly as canker at his heart.

"Its tired I am wrestlin' with sthumps and advershity. Whin hunger's in your sthumack and hate at your heart it do be sore work. Faix, And its lop-sided I'm growin', Robin, with workin' on the mountain side, and me two eyes are cruked with followin' the road in' the dark. Shure the tongue of me niver lied 'till I tuk to chantin' the praises of me crops—which are mostly stonies by the same token."

"Hoots, mon! why dinna you cam awa' down intil the valley?" said Robin, who now saw the chance for a purchaser for his farm.

"Kim into the valley is it," sniffed Paddy. "Unless there's an earthquake followed by a landslide, or I kim into me esthates, in Oirland, which the rightful owners are kapin' me out of, its only the valley I'll see from me castle on the mountain."

"Weel, Paddy," responded Robin, "I'm thinkin' I micht sell the fairm gin I could fin' the richt man, an' I wud gie him time to pay for it."

"Troth, if toime will pay for the farm, Robin dear, I'm your man, so give us your fhist and we'll call it a bargain," gleefully answered Paddy.

Robin failed to see the covert qualification in Paddy's ready willingness to take the farm, and the bargain was soon struck. The two men soon afterwards fell asleep. Thus it came to pass that Paddy became the proprietor of Robin Maxwell's valley farm.

Robin's roupin' (auction) quickly followed, and the day following the roupin' the Larisseys moved down from the mountain. Biddy drove one horse before a rickety two-wheel cart, unon which was loaded the "childer," a diminutive pig in a crockery crate, and a dozen of squakin' fowl tied together in pairs by the legs. Biddy sat on the brace-bar of the shafts, bare-headed and bare-legged. Shoes and stockings were reserved in those days for church-going on Sundays, and then they were carried under arm until a close approach to the Lord's sanctuary warned us that it was time to put them on.

Paddy followed Biddy in charge of the household goods, a load as light as the owner's heart this eventful day: one creaky wooden chair for Biddy's use, or for guest service, when it always received a hurried wipe from the hem of Biddy's petticoat, a great three-decker, oblong, square box stove to stand in the centre of the one living-room, a home-made rough deal table, two split balsam benches, the family chest, three chipped and cracked "chiny" plates, and as many cups, a large iron tea-kettle, and a pot for boiling the pig's and "childer's" potatoes, several patch-work coverlets, and some *paliasses*, to be filled later with straw for beds.

Young Jack trudged behind driving the cows and the six months' old calf, which was possessed of an insane desire to bolt into every bit of bush, and which kept Master Jack actively employed.



Mrs. McAlmon, from her window, watched the Larrisays debarkation with a divided sentiment; pity for the ragged, neglected-looking children, and wrath towards the shiftless parents. Having no bairns of her own, she had taken those of the entire neighbourhood under her wing, and in time they came to know her as "Mammy McAlmon." As became a Scotch housewife, she was orderly and thrifty, with little patience or sympathy for those endowed with less of these qualities than she herself possessed.

When Jamie came in from the chop-pin' that evening, and had scoured himself in the basin on the bench outside the door, Janet met him at the threshold with a big jack-towel. While he polished his face to a shining finish, Janet opened the pent-up floodgates of her disgust with the new neighbours.

"Hoots, Jamie! but yon be queer fouk. Aboot an hour frae their comin' Biddy came ben, and she sat her doun, and I fair thocht she'd tak' root. I heerd some o' the bairns greetin' wi' hunger, an' I speered her to gang awa' to them, but she just said: 'Shure, mum, the sand forninst the dure do be fine and clean, and its much like Indian meal, it is. The childer, God bless them! will soon have a foine tasthe for it. Is it the loan of a draw-in' of tay you could let me have, Mrs. McAlmon?'

"About two o'clock I pit some scones intil ma pocket, an' I hied me yon, an' Jamie mon, ye'll sair belie'me when I tell you what I speered thro' the winner. Paddy and Biddy were dancin' an Irish jig to Biddy's liltin', an' the bairns were haudin' their sides wi' lauchin, and not a thing touched in all a' the hoose.

"'Top of the day to you mum,' said Paddy, 'shure Biddy and I were tistin the flure and cheerin' the childer up a bit. Jack, you red-headed omadhoun, rin down to the fince and bring up a good dhry pole to shart a fire with, for it's a cup of tay you'll be after havin' with us mum?'

"'Mony thanks,' said I, 'but when

I come to tak' tea wi' you, Maister Larrisey, I'll sen' you word I'm comin'.'

"Shure you'll be heartily wilcum, mum to the best we have in the house."

Jamie, sparing of words, groaned an acknowledgment of all that his wife had said, and went into his supper.

Paddy soon became a thorn in the side of thrifty neighbours, but his un-failing Irish wit, unvarying good humour, and wonderful power of mimicry, pulled him through many a scrape with a certain aplomb. The borrowing capacity of the whole family had no apparent limit; it certainly possessed no modesty. There was nothing they hesitated to ask for, and nothing was ever returned until sent for, and not always then. Paddy's fences were soon despoiled for firewood, and his horse and cow roamed at will. Old hats and wisps of straw replaced the glasses that were broken by the youngsters, and the barn door hung idly on one hinge. Paddy worked in a desultory way, but his luck, as he termed it, was always "agin" him. His neighbours, however, in discussing him, which was often, told a different tale, with many indignant and laughing comments, as they happened to view the particular case in review.

In the early winter of that year the smallpox raged with great violence in the French parishes to the south of ours. We quarantined against them with commendable rigour, and a passing French-Canadian received scant courtesy at our hands. Even the Indians from camps far among the mountains were invited to move on, while the dogs made noisy clamour at their heels. It was no time for ceremony or discrimination.

The night of the commencement of the great snowstorm, which is even now remembered because it blocked our roads for weeks and cut off all communication throughout the parish, excepting by the use of snowshoes, there came a knock at Anderson's door. Anderson answered it in person, and there stood little Joe Barras, looking like a snow-man, so covered was he.

"You giv me place for stay; ver' bad night, no can see road?"

"Not in the house, Joe; we don't want no smallpox here. Find a place in the straw in the barn; and, Joe, there is an old buffalo robe on the battery floor to throw over you"—and Anderson closed the door on the storm and his unwelcome guest.

In the morning, when Anderson dug himself into the barn, Joe's snowshoe track led out of it. The children played there that day. One of them hid under the buffalo robe that little Joe had used. Smallpox broke out in the house within a week, and ere many days threatened the extinction of the entire family.

No one ventured into the infected house. The stricken ones, including the mother, were dependent upon the half-crazed father for all the care they received. Two of the children died, and it was the father who was compelled to perform all the sad rites for the dead. Our hearts ached for him, as we saw him pass with the two little rough deal coffins on the wood sleigh to the silent burial; but fear steeled us against exposing ourselves to the loathsome disease. We pitied without the tender of service. When Anderson from his door next day hailed a passing neighbour to say that he too was ill, we were paralyzed. Even Paddy Larrisey grew thoughtful, and for the nonce forgot his song and joke. In the evening he sat long with his elbows on his knees and his face buried in his hands, while Biddy moved about uneasily, but speechlessly, in an ecstasy of unknown fear. Paddy finally rose, and, without a word, put on his coat and hat.

"Where do ye be a-goin the night, Paddy dear?" anxiously enquired Biddy, who now found voice.

"To hivin, perhaps," tersely replied Paddy; "but do you take care of the children, Biddy, and God bless yis all." And Paddy disappeared into the night.

"O, Paddy!" wailed his wife after him, "come back, come back!" But there was no reply. As she stood

straining her eyes into the darkness, there was a sudden stream of light from the Anderson house, and all was dark again. Her worst fears for Paddy were confirmed, and she uttered a loud cry of terror, which the "childer" in the house re-echoed.

Paddy's greeting to Anderson was a simple "Shure me heart's bled for you, man, and I've kim to help a-while; so into bed with you, and I'll take a luk around."

The state of things was about as appalling as the nature of the disease, but Paddy rose superior to the conditions, and ere the night had passed, in his rude way he had restored some order, and the house became filled with the sunshine of his presence. In the days and weeks which followed he laboured incessantly, and with a devotedness and gentleness that endeared him to each suffering member of the household. In the long nights of restlessness among the children, he quieted them with wonderful tales of the good fairies. To the parents he was a ministering angel of hope. If he slept at all it must have been with wide-open eyes and sitting bolt upright in a chair, for he was ever ready upon the slightest call. He gave little thought to himself. Daily he appeared upon the little hill and shouted words of encouragement to Biddy, with many messages for the "childer."

There came a day at last when Biddy, rushing breathlessly into our house, said:

"Faix, there do be a hilt doctor out at Anderson's, and Paddy says he's dishinfestin' the house, and Paddy's kimmin' home, though the doctor do be tillin him that he must burn all the clothes that do be on his back before he kin lave. Troth if he do it's the quare soight he'll be rinnin thro' the snow with only God's lither on him, for divil's the ha'porth ilse he'll have, for Jack, bad luck to that bhoys, cut off the legs of Paddy's Sunday pants."

After much search we finally overcame this difficulty in the way of Paddy's home-coming. It was worth while to see him strutting homeward

quite unconscious of his heroism, but full of the importance of a pair of black pants, a long-tailed coat, and an ancient clerical beaver, with a three weeks' growth of scrubby beard beneath it. When we cheered him as he passed, he took it entirely as a compliment to his gay appearance, and gracefully touched his hat in acknowledgment, giving it a rakish tilt as he replaced it.

Moriarty before the mass on the following Sunday shouted out in the impulsive Irish way: "Now, byes, since Paddy's alive to die in his own bid, it's a sind off we'll be after givin' him, and

ivery man of ye's'll bring wan thing or the other to hilt him through the winter." And they all replied, "Amin!"

At the kirk door McAlmon voiced the sentiment of the assembled elders, when he said: "I'm no sayin' that Paddy does'na fash me at times, but his heart ye ken is i' the richt place, an' its a braw act, an' I forgie him the past."

What Anderson and his wife said Paddy never revealed, but the greatest thrashing that Phil. Muldoon ever received was at Anderson's hands for some disparaging remark he made about Paddy.

*G. M. Fairchild, Jr.*



#### UNTO MY LADYE.

THERE is a ladye known to me  
And steadfaste sunne-stronge eyne hath she  
Mock-sober eyne that love makes free,  
Love makes free.

My ladye's lippes I do declare  
Are joy-cuppes knowynge no compare,—  
O would that mine were restynge there,  
Restynge there.

My ladye's heart is large and lief  
And womanne-tender. Thralle is chiefe,  
Yfostered inne that favoured fief,  
That favoured fief.

O ladye mine! O ladye mine!  
That I shoulde bee your lorde is signe  
Of wonder,—but ye sunne doth shine,  
Ye sunne doth shine.

And so I pray that blessed bee  
Ye queene of alle feminitee,  
Faire ladye of my fealtie,  
My fealtie.

*G. Herbert Clarke.*

## CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

AT any time it is no easy task to discern the true significance and drift of foreign affairs. Even the keenest observer admits that just now the matters of deepest import are being directed, in secret, by diplomatists. We have only the publicly recorded occurrences to guide us. In Europe, at least, secretaries of state and ambassadors do not herald their achievements with a brass band.

What the onlooker sees is that France, having concluded a treaty with Russia, is accommodating herself to good relations with Great Britain. The visit of the King of Siam to London and Paris is one sign of an understanding between the two countries in Asia. Simultaneously comes the announcement of a new treaty between England and China, defining frontier lines in that part of the world. In Africa, Lord Salisbury has yielded complete French control of Tunis, nominally for a low duty on cottons for fifteen years. The British price for the concession is unknown, but France thus far has responded with an offer to adjust outstanding difficulties in West Africa. The press of Paris have also been at pains to point out that the new alliance with Russia is not necessarily antagonistic to England, and that even were the British protectorate of Egypt withdrawn, France would not attempt to fill the vacant place. How far this portends a treaty of "benevolent neutrality" in the event of France taking advantage of the next war to resume possession of Alsace and Lorraine is matter for conjecture. But the steadily growing jealousy in Great Britain of German trade competition points to a contingency that will find the two western powers side by side, rather than to a resumption of the close relations formerly existing between England and the Triple Alliance.

In Germany, however, the very reverse is held to be true, and British

statesmen are being assured that their policy must necessarily tend towards the old position. The German Emperor, meanwhile, is reviving the cordial understanding with his earthly allies, and proclaiming the intimate connection between his Imperial House and Divine Providence. The only perceptible response comes from the Austrian Emperor, and the visit of William to Hungary was the occasion of many mutual embraces between the two rulers and much talk of peace. The German Reichstag meets in a few weeks and will determine how far the naval programme of the ambitious Kaiser is to be carried out.

That the tranquility, if not the actual existence, of Austria-Hungary hangs upon the life of Emperor Francis Joseph is increasingly evident. The personal popularity of this monarch of 67 years of age binds together an empire so heterogeneous that its ultimate division seems certain. In Hungary he has been greeted as usual with the utmost enthusiasm, and his parting injunction to the Government to erect a series of statues to the patriots and other heroes of Hungary has soothed the national pride. Not less remarkable, as a visible token of the pacification of the Magyars, is the visit of King Charles of Roumania. The designs of his new Prime Minister, M. Sturdza, upon the Roumanian province of Hungary—Transylvania—are skillfully ignored, since the Minister has formally abjured the policy for which he agitated when in opposition. As Paris was "worth a mass" to Henri of Navarre, the sacrifice of an opinion is clearly worth a modern Premiership.

The duel of Count Badeni, the Polish Minister of Austria, with one of his fiercest critics in the Reichstrath, is one indication of the decline of parliamentary institutions there. The Emperor and the Church have graciously forgiven the offender, the public

applaud him, and it is not related that he is on bad terms with himself. That the German-Czech portion of the patchwork empire is torn by party strife is one of the disturbing elements in a situation already complicated enough. The financial statement, just presented, appears to remove for another year the problems that were expected to arise from a new system of taxation, and a re-arrangement of Imperial burdens.

Turning to Great Britain, the leaders of the Opposition—there appear to be several with equal rank and power—are found assailing both the domestic and foreign policy of the Government. The party has shown signs of revival in the constituencies, but a Ministry with a loss of only four seats in the first two years of its existence, and a majority in the House of Commons of over 140, can hardly be considered in any immediate danger. Mr. Morley has once more revived home rule for Ireland, but the Irish leaders do not respond to the greeting. They have been promised a partial fulfilment of their hopes by Mr. Balfour next session, and are evidently awaiting the new measures. With the skill of a tactician, civil and military, Lord Wolseley has taken advantage of the presentation of the freedom of Glasgow to remind the nation that their army is not even adequate to the needs of the hour. It took several years of agitation to convince the British people that their commerce, no less than their prestige, was menaced by a decline in naval strength. But England has never been satisfied with supremacy at sea alone. The achievements of Blake, Nelson and Rodney were supplemented by the genius of Marlborough and Wellington on land, and Lord Wolseley's plain meaning is that if some continental force like Napoleon rises again, and Great Britain is once more called upon to defend the liberties of Europe, she would be unable to face the emergency. The political economists have not banished war, because they have not extinguished national feeling or stifled national ambition, and it is by no means certain

that the Peace Society have argued away the military instincts of the English race. Upon this Lord Wolseley builds, and with the Secretary of War, Lord Lansdowne, behind him, the significant warning at Glasgow may soon bear fruit.

Despite conflicting intelligence, the war now proceeding at the Indian frontier goes far to prove the readiness of the British forces in the great dependency to meet a sudden danger. The politicians do not agree upon the causes of the outbreak. That it follows the famine and the plague, the advancement of British power further north, and the restlessness of the Moslems over the war in Greece is clear enough, each factor having some weight in the disastrous result. What the world sees is the instant mobilization of 50,000 British troops on the frontier, the speedy punishment of several of the tribes, and the steady fidelity of the native soldiery engaged in the service of the Queen-Empress. The loss of many brave lives, and the plunging of English homes into mourning, is poor solace for those who are the sufferers; but it is the penalty of empire, and no whisper is heard that England should retreat before the enemy. It is the Sultan's revenge, say some. That worthy, it is true, always maintains his emissaries among the eighty million Moslem subjects of the British Crown. These emissaries, mostly of the ecclesiastical type, are prone to excite the religious passions of the Mahomedans in India, who did not conceal their joy at the defeat of the Greeks. That any serious disturbance of Moslem allegiance in India has occurred is denied stoutly by those who claim to know, and the valour of the native troops seems to bear out this view.

A partial revival of business in the United States has not wholly vindicated Mr. McKinley as the advance agent of prosperity. The new tariff was high enough, but it still fails to yield revenue sufficient for the national expenditure, and a deficit of twenty millions of dollars already confronts the



tariff-framers. There is a probability that the duties have been placed so high as actually to prevent importations, in which case inadequate revenue will continue to haunt the politicians who shudder at the bare thought of reducing expenditures. But the exports show a large increase, and what is termed the "balance of trade" is enormously in favour of the United States. It does not seem to occur to Washington legislators that foreign customers may begin in time to weary of purchasing from a country whose fixed policy is so unfriendly. Great Britain is a large purchaser of United States products, but there is not the faintest approach to reciprocity in tariffs. Internal trade in the republic is distinctly better, however, and disquieting rumours of a war with Spain are not sufficiently well-founded to dislocate trade. The Cuban situation is unquestionably embarrassing. It is fair to judge the diplomatic policy of the United States by what other powerful nations in the same position would do. The contiguity of Cuba forces the question upon the American Government, and the island has been wretchedly misgoverned. No foreigner who resides in or visits Cuba fails to sympathize with the Cubans as against the Spaniards. The prolonged war is an evidence that either Spain is unable to regain control, or that the campaign has been badly conducted. Generals Campos and Weyler have been re-called one after the other, and the suspicion which was attached to some of the British generals in the early stages of the revolutionary war of 1776 has been directed toward the Spaniards. The recent diplomatic interchanges are declared to have been marked by extreme consideration for the national pride of the Dons. It is even hinted that the naval manœuvres of the United States

warships will, for the present, be carried out in waters as distant from Cuba as possible. In short, Spain is to be given one more chance to recover her rebellious colony. If she fails, the United States will find itself face to face with the gravest of international difficulties—the common European jealousy against interference with their transoceanic possessions, a feeling which has never slept, or which, when the armies of France had secured American independence in 1783, nearly turned those same forces against the extension of the new republic to the limits assigned by the treaty.

In the municipal election of Greater New York a trial of strength is taking place between the agitation for pure administration, personified in the candidature of Mr. Low, and the other elements of a less promising character. The constituency is now too vast for successful prophecy of the result. A victory for Henry George and the free silver Democrats would be an ominous portent of the next presidential contest. The President has currency reform to tackle yet, and this subject, with the annexation of Hawaii, will be two of the choice dishes to be set before Congress in December. There is again a report that Mr. Sherman will retire from the Secretaryship of State, a withdrawal that will cause no pangs at home or abroad. By the refusal of Great Britain to participate in a conference on the Behring Sea sealing question, along with Russian and Japanese delegates, the headlong diplomacy of Mr. Sherman has met with a check which greater care would have avoided. The United States desires to secure a monopoly of seal catching for its commercial company; this may be obtained, but not by either diplomatic juggling or browbeating.

*A. H. U. Colquhoun.*



# CURRENT THOUGHT

## A FRENCH HISTORIAN.

M. B. Jordan writes of Hippolyte A. Taine, the French historian, in the September *Self-Culture*. His most important life-work is a history of France which is divided into three parts: The Ancient Régime, which describes the encroachment of the upper classes on the lower; The Revolution, which deals with the wrongs committed by the Red Republicans; and The Modern Régime, which comes down to us with one unfinished chapter and deals with the conclusion of the struggle.

Taine was born at Vouziers, 1828, and from his infancy was imbued by his intellectual relatives with the doctrine of the rights of man. His father taught him Latin and Greek, and his uncle made him familiar with English. At fourteen he knew Shakespeare, Milton and Spenser as few English boys of that age know them. He was afterwards educated at Paris for a professional career, acquiring much intellectual independence. He secured a position in a Government school, but this independence caused him to lose the favour of the authorities. His first great book was "Lafontaine and His Fables," and in it was the first distinct formulation of his theory,

"That every human being is born with certain tendencies peculiar to his race, which guide his thoughts and actions; that all his deeds, whether good or evil, are to be traced to these innate sources. . . . According to him, the function of criticism and the critic was exactly counter to those generally held. He looked upon man as a walking theorem, and insisted upon enduring criticism, and always set to work with fixed scientific formulæ. . . . According to his ideas, if we wish to study an author critically, we have only

to ask three groups of questions: 1st, Where was he born? Who were his ancestors? What were the root ideas of his race? 2nd, Under what conditions and circumstances was he educated? What position did he hold in society? To what influences was he exposed? 3rd, What were the peculiar tendencies of his time and how was he affected by them?"

Taine travelled in the Pyrenees and wrote a book of travels called "A Trip Through the Pyrenees," which differed greatly from the ordinary book of travels in that it dwelt not so much on the beauty of the views, but on the causes from which their beauty sprang. He then wrote a book called "French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century," and his first set of critical essays on La Bruyère, Racine, Balzac, Guizot, Saint-Simon and Michelet.

When he was thirty-two he went to London to study in the British Museum for his history. While in London he wrote "a most delightful and racy book of 'Notes' on his impressions of England—life, homes, schools, art, and lastly, its men—for as he says, 'At bottom the essential thing about a country is man. Through him the age may be deciphered and the men through the age.'" He also wrote a "History of English Literature," which is vigorous, truthful and impressive, but which was condemned by the French academy as being heretical in religion and philosophy.

"During the sixty-five years of his life, Taine was an indefatigable toiler and accomplished an almost unparalleled amount of work. The aim of his life was to substitute the reign of fact in literature for that of pure illusion. He once said that he always felt like bowing his head in the presence of a verified fact. His death closes an epoch in French literature, and, indeed, the literature of the world loses in him a most vivid personality and a fearless disciple."

## PRINCIPLES IN FICTION.

In the October *Atlantic Monthly*, James Lane Allen, author of "The Choir Invisible," writes of "Two Principles in Recent American Fiction." The first, or Feminine Principle, has three essential characteristics: Refinement, Delicacy, Grace; and three non-essential: Smallness, Rarity, Tact. When a writer passes under the control of this principle,

"He invariably selects the things that have been subdued by refinement, the things that have been moulded by delicacy, the things that invite by grace, the things that secrete some essence of the rare, the things that exhibit the faultless circumspection towards all the demeanours of the world that make up the supremely feminine quality of tact. . . . The Feminine Principle, then, is twofold in its operation and significance; it is a law of election, it is a law of treatment. Like the real woman it is, if it once be allowed to have its will, it must have its way."

The effect of this principle was to produce in the United States a literature of the imagination, embodying certain fresh and characteristic New World ways, yet holding fast to the primary standards of good taste, good thought, and good breeding. It taught the United States prose writer that he must "learn first of all things the sacred use of language as masterfully as a painter learns the sacred use of brush and pigment, or a violinist the sacred use of strings."

This principle is still active, but not all-powerful.

"Meantime, a novelty has made its appearance among us, and the curiosity, the enthusiasm, and the faith of the nation stand ready to be transferred to it. This stranger, this new favourite, approaches us under the guise of what is known in the art of the world as the Masculine Principle. . . . Its characteristics are Virility as opposed to Refinement, Strength as opposed to Delicacy, Massiveness as opposed to Grace. . . . Largeness as opposed to Smallness, Obviousness as opposed to Rarity, Primary or Instinctive Action as opposed to Tact, which is always Secondary or Premeditated Action; and all these things are true of this principle, whether it be regarded as a law determining the choice of material, or as a law determining the choice of method."

In but one race were these two Principles ever perfectly blended—the

Greeks. "In Greek art alone, in its sculpture, in its literature, virility and refinement, achieved and maintained a perfect balance. There strength was made to gain by reason of delicacy, and delicacy to be founded on strength. There the massive could be graceful, and the graceful could be massive." Perhaps, admits Mr. Allen, the union of these two Principles may have also been as perfectly blended in Shakespeare's mind—but this was for the first time in the literature of the Anglo-Saxon race, and possibly for the last.

In the United States literature of to-day, the Feminine Principle is being dethroned, and the Masculine Principle being more and more worshipped. A destructive and a constructive work are proceeding side by side. United States literature is less graceful and delicate than in the days of Irving and Hawthorne and Poe, and does not give so much heed to little things. It is exhibiting more masculinity and also more passion, and hence is more virile.

The great work before his country's literature, thinks Mr. Allen, is to combine these two principles as did Shakespeare and as did the Greeks. It would also be a grand thing for Canada were every writer to study and ponder what Mr. Allen has written, for Canadian literature, especially our poetry, is distinctly feminine.

## BACON—SHAKESPEARE.

Dr. Bucke's article in the September *Canadian Magazine* has attracted much attention,\* but some newspaper writers, notably in the *Orillia Packet* and the *Toronto Globe*, cannot see clearly why Bacon would wish to conceal his authorship of the plays. At our request, Dr. Bucke explains his view of it as follows:

It has often been asked: Why, if Bacon wrote the Shakespeare drama, did he conceal his authorship thereof, and, having concealed it, why did he desire the fact to be known after his

\* A contribution to this controversy, from the pen of Professor Goldwin Smith, will appear in the December (Christmas) number.

death? Most of the Shakespeare plays were written between 1590 and 1603, while Elizabeth was living. Bacon was then 30-43 years of age, and aspired to political honours. To have been known as a writer of any plays would have been fatal to his aspirations; it is even probable that the mere suspicion of his authorship retarded his advancement materially. Moreover, these particular plays were too democratic to be looked upon with favour by the great in that age. Richard II., especially, was considered by Elizabeth as almost, if not quite, treasonable, dealing as it did with the overthrow and execution of a king.

Any one who will look into the subject so far as to realize how Lady Ann (Bacon's mother) would have felt had she known that her son was writing plays will never need to ask the question again. By many of the best people of that time, the writing of these plays by a man of Bacon's family and position would have been considered almost, if not quite, disgraceful.

Bacon accurately sums up the case in just thirteen words in his great prayer: "I have procured *though in a dispised weed* the good of all men." I take no stock in Bacon's alleged relationship to the Queen. I think all this, indeed, absurd, nor could Bacon derive honour from it if it existed. Bacon was noble in another and higher sense. Here is what he says of fame and such rewards as this life can give:

"For myself my heart is not set upon any of those things which depend on external accidents. I am not hunting for fame. I have no desire to found a sect, after the fashion of the heresiarchs; and to look for any private gain from such an undertaking as this, I should consider both ridiculous and base.

Enough for me the consciousness of well-deserving, and those real and effectual results with which fortune itself cannot interfere."<sup>1</sup>

At the same time, it was necessary that the world should eventually know who wrote the plays, so that these and his other works should shed light the one upon the other, and he left such clues as he knew must eventually lead men to the fact. He undoubtedly looked that the whole matter should be cleared up within a generation or two after his death; but the rebellion against Charles followed by the Commonwealth, accompanied as it was by the dominance of Puritanism, overwhelmed the plays so thoroughly that it took them some two hundred years to rise again to the surface.

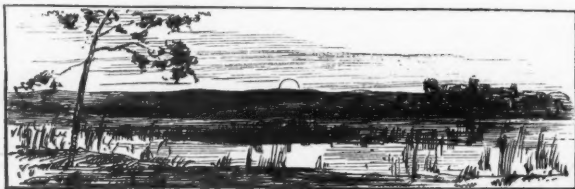
Bacon foresaw the coming deluge: "Not," he says, "that I apprehend any more barbarian invasions . . . but the civil wars which may be expected . . . to spread through many countries, together with the malignity of sects . . . seem to portend for literature and the sciences a tempest not less fatal, and one against which the printing office will be no effectual security."<sup>2</sup>

But though he saw it coming, it is probable he did not expect the waters to rise as high as they actually did. Almost as soon as the flood passed by, the question of the authorship of the plays arose and will undoubtedly be now debated until it is settled.

I do not say, neither do I think, that the actor Shakespeare was an impostor; and I cannot understand (if the Baconian argument is "plausible") how the anagram discovered by Dr. Platt can fail to strengthen it.

<sup>1</sup>Proem—Life and Times of Francis Bacon—James Shedding; in two vols.; Houghton Osgood, 1878. Vol. I., p. 421

<sup>2</sup>Ibid.



## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

BECAUSE this number of The Canadian Magazine marks the opening of the Tenth Volume, we have

been bold enough to label it an "Anniversary number." The articles, illustrations and general appearance are—if we may be permitted to say it—rather above the average, and are an indication of the progress which the management is continually seeking to maintain. In everything our desire is to be a credit to Canadian journalism, Canadian literature, and the Canadian people—to produce a truly Canadian magazine. The Christmas number will be decorated with an entirely new cover, and will contain much special matter. Special attention is directed to the series of historical articles by Dr. Bourinot commenced in this number. These twelve articles will give the reader an intelligent account of every great event in Canadian history.

Just now Canadians are in a rather joyful mood. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has returned from London, and owing to

### A Joyful Nation.

the fuss that was made over him in Great Britain, and owing also to the rise in the price of wheat, the people have given him a royal welcome. Sir Wilfrid is at present the greatest among a body of citizens who have never felt their importance so much as at present. If there are any persons who are not really warm in their praises of him, it is those few pessimists scattered through the land who prophesied but a few years ago that a closer union of the Mother Country and the Colonies was impossible. Sir Wilfrid has assisted in bringing about this closer relation, and consequently these prophets are rather half-hearted. They hate to be out of

the running, yet are afraid of being carried too fast and too far.

The news comes from London that Great Britain, in her diplomatic conduct in the sealing controversy, is taking the advice of the Government of the country most interested—that of the Dominion of Canada. That British statesmen should so lower themselves as to accept the advice of Canadian Ministers on a purely Canadian matter has surprised and disgusted the people at Washington. Their surprise may be excused, but their disgust will simply be understood. Canada will henceforth be heard in the diplomacy of the Empire, and United States encroachments on this continent will be less easy than heretofore.

Not only is Canada being taken into the councils of the Empire, but the attention of those possessing power and credit is being directed towards a country capable of supplying much to that great land of consumers across the sea. It is a question of exchange, and when the close study which it is now receiving shall have borne fruit, Canada will be transformed. The Government of Canada seems to be doing its part in explaining the richness and capabilities of the country, and those desirous of investing are certainly looking closely into the information. A favourable result is inevitable.

The man who feels that he is rising in the world is always jubilant, though naturally in a quiet way. The Canadian nation is in this position to-day, and on the crest of the rise is Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He is playing his part nobly, honourably and magnificently, and no person can grudge him what he has gained. Yet it is to be hoped that the crest of the rising wave of Canada's greatness will still be noticeable when Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the



other prominent and obscure men of this period shall have been displaced by those now following in their footsteps.

When one reads the history of the world, one discovers that there have been countries ruined because of the selfishness of their citizens.

**Politics** If there is one thing more  
**and** than another which has ad-  
**Defence.** vanced Great Britain to her proud pre-eminence, it is that her citizens love their country as they love themselves. In Canada it is partially, but not wholly, true.

The majority of our politicians and rulers are selfish, and this selfishness will wreck Canada just as surely as it has delayed her development if it be not presently checked. Some departments of our Government are administered more for the benefit of "the party," and the friends of the party, than for the benefit of the commonwealth. Occasionally a man in power rises above such degrading conduct, but he is soon relegated to some office where he can spend nothing but his small salary. Those in favour of the spoils system crowd him to the wall.

Canada's defence is weak for such reasons as this. Her militia department has been administered in a political instead of a military manner. Our best officers are knocked around from one place to another, and are forced to recognize that it is not military merit, but political pull, which will enable them to keep their positions. Canada has had as commanders-in-chief several capable officers from Great Britain, but every one of them has fallen into disrepute at Ottawa, and gone home disgusted with the incompetence and the greed of the Canadian politicians. It is doubtful if, after the present occupant is recalled, a capable British officer will be found who would be willing to sacrifice himself on the altar of our selfishness.

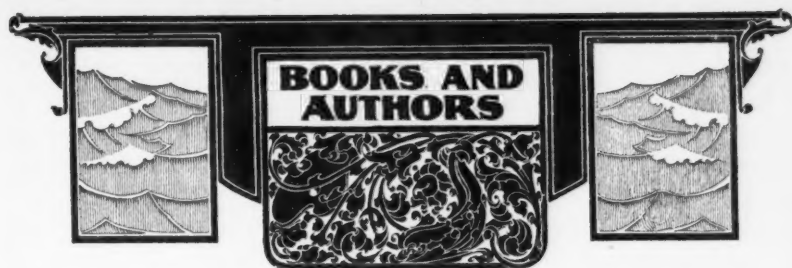
Last month, The Canadian Magazine advocated the drilling for twelve days of each year of all citizens between 21 and 26 years of age, and the cry

goes up that the people would not bear the expense. Let me quote two instances of the expense they are now bearing: The cost of lighting the Fredrickton Infantry School for 1896 was \$2,027.39; while the combined cost of light for the London Infantry School, the Toronto Cavalry and Infantry Schools, the Kingston Battery Barracks, the St. John's Infantry School, and the barracks at Quebec, was \$1,260.26. The second is different; at a recent military camp in Nova Scotia, one-half of a squadron of cavalry under pay had no swords with which to drill. These are but samples of the extravagance which the people permit, and from them and other examples which are disclosed from time to time, we feel quite safe in saying that if the Government were to increase the expenditure on Militia and Defence by a million dollars a year there would be no "kick" from the country. How could the people raise an objection? They could only raise a cry through the press;—well, the press is easily managed.

Referring to our remarks of last month, the *Military Gazette* makes a suggestion:

"The ideas put forth in this article are well worth consideration. It is a question whether money could not be easily raised by increasing the militia and using the ballot to fill the ranks, compelling each man drawn to pay an exemption fee of, say, \$2, if he did not desire to perform military service. In this way the cost would be equalized, one man giving his time and another his money."

A prominent officer, in a private letter, draws attention to the fact that the expenditure on Militia and Defence in Canada in 1895 was about 25c. per head of the population, whereas in Great Britain, during the same year, it was \$4 per head. Why not increase the expenditure in Canada to a dollar per head, so that we would not be ridiculous? The increased number of men trained, and the increased thoroughness of the training, would be of enormous physical benefit to the Canadian race. Moreover, such an expenditure would be but a small insurance against the destruction of Canadian property by a hostile, invading force.



# ROBERTS' CANADIAN HISTORY.

WHEN I was a youngster at school, Canadian history was one of my bug-bears. I would be told to commit to memory long lists of dates and events, but of the story of Canada I heard not a word. I was too young to read Parkman—and who of all the others who have written about Canadian history recognized its romance? My teachers did not thrill with the romantic story of the makers and making of Canada—and a teacher that lacks enthusiasm never teaches.

Last year Bourinot's "Story of Canada" appeared, and the writer then ventured the opinion that it was the best one volume history of Canada that up to that time had been written. Dr. Bourinot omits the useless—to the ordinary reader and to youths and maidens—dates and minor events. He tells the romantic story of Canada in a taking way, affording the reader a comprehensive glance over the different periods. Yet when there are romantic, thrilling and touching details required to complete the description of a campaign, a battle, or a constitutional struggle, Dr. Bourinot always gives them.

Charles G. D. Roberts, the enterprising and talented young Canadian who now occupies a prominent editorial chair in New York, has also given us a one-volume Canadian history.\* To compare this with Bourinot's book would be a difficult task, and might be unfair to both. Bourinot is certainly more accurate in his details, and more constitutional in his point of view. Roberts' work is somewhat longer and deals with some of the minor events which Bourinot omitted. Roberts' style is perhaps more graceful, and the dramatic quality of his descriptions stronger and more impressive. In patriotism and loyalty both have acquitted themselves as true citizens, although the one is a servant of the Crown whose praises he sings and the other a literary exile on foreign soil; while, as historians, both have proved themselves to belong to the most advanced school.

To give an idea what Mr. Roberts crowds into his five hundred large pages would be impossible, except to state that it is a complete history of Canada from 1000 to 1895, A.D., with a final chapter on intellectual progress, material progress, present conditions and the outlook; but an example of his style may be in order. Take, for instance, the account of General Sheaffe's victory on that famous Oct. 13, 1812:

On the death of Brock, the chief command fell on General Sheaffe, who was at Fort George. About noon he arrived at Queenston, bringing with him three hundred regulars of the 41st and 49th regiments, two companies of Lincoln militia, two hundred Chippewa volunteers and a small band of Six Nations Indians. These additions swelled the Canadian force to nearly one thousand men—a motley throng, but of vengeful and eager mettle. Ringing the American position with a circle of converging fire, Sheaffe led his men forward. The Americans fell fast. Their brave captain, Wool, was killed, and his place taken by Winfield Scott, afterwards to gain fame in the annals of American warfare. The Americans lay down and reserved their fire till the fatal lines were within forty rods of their muzzles. Then they fired as one man, a deadly and shattering volley—but it was powerless to stop the Canadian onset. In that grim charge the Americans were swept from the summit. Clinging, scrambling, sliding,

\* A History of Canada by Charles G. D. Roberts, Canadian edition; G. N. Morang, Toronto.

falling, the survivors made their way over the brow of the precipice, and on the narrow ledges between cliff and flood they surrendered unconditionally—eleven hundred prisoners of war. The battle was one at whose story Canadian hearts beat high; but in the death of Brock its triumph was dearly bought.

During the funeral of the slain leader the minute guns of Fort George were answered gun for gun from the American batteries of Fort Niagara, while the American flag flew at half-mast, a chivalrous tribute to an illustrious foe. On the Heights of Queenston now rises a tall shaft of stone in Brock's memory, which serves also as a far-seen remembrancer of Canadian patriotism. The sight of it should bring a blush to the cheeks of those Canadians whose doctrine proclaims their patriotism a matter of dollars and cents. The name of Queenston and the name of Brock are blended in our hearts. Nevertheless, the battle was finally won by Sheaffe, who got a baronetcy for his reward.



#### NEWFOUNDLAND IN 1897.

One of the most learned and capable men in the neighbouring colony of Newfoundland is the Rev. M. Harvey, LL.D., F.R.S.C. He is the author of several articles on Newfoundland in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and of several works on the history of the colony. He is, in fact, its leading historian. His latest work is an excellent volume entitled "Newfoundland in 1897," put out to celebrate the Jubilee year, and also the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the island by John Cabot. It contains 200 readable pages, some twenty-five illustrations and a splendid map. The first two chapters deal with Cabot, and touch on the disputed points concerning his voyages. In Chapter IV. he deals with the makers and making of Newfoundland, after which a complete chapter is devoted respectively to railroad building, mining, agriculture and lumbering, fishing, the form of government, the revenue, the scenery, the geography, and international relations. In fact, the book, without giving tiresome and valueless details, presents an excellent view of Newfoundland, historically, commercially and socially.

The following is an example of the author's style :

John Cabot is a mere shadow looming dimly from the darkness of the past. He has been, till recently, almost forgotten, his great discoveries overlooked, and his services to England and humanity ignored. No honours have been paid to his memory, and it is only now, after a lapse of four hundred years, that the public conscience seems to be awakening to the injustice done to the name and memory of a great man, and that the wrong of centuries seems likely to be righted. "The great soul of the world is just," no doubt, but it is often uphill work to convince the world as to who have been its true benefactors and are entitled to its admiration and reverence. Too often the prophets and benefactors of the world are first stoned, and their sepulchres are built by after-generations. Cabot's hour has come at last, and the accumulated dust of centuries will be cleared away from his memory, and due honours paid to the man who pioneered the way for the English-speaking race who have now overspread the continent of North America.



#### HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Holiday books are to the fore, and as usual the best of them come from the British publishers, those from New York having less substance and being less wholesome.

"A Daughter of Erin,"\* by Violet G. Finny, author of "The Revolt of the Young MacCormacks," is an Irish tale of much merit. It is a picture of life which will interest both young people and old people, and will not worry them with serious discussions of great problems. The story of the attachment between the dwarf and the cripple is rather touching. There are four full-page illustrations.

"King Olaf's Kinsman,"\* by Charles W. Whistler, author of "A Thane of Wessex," is a story of the last Saxon struggle against the Danes in the days of

\* London : Blackie & Son ; Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co.

Ironside and Cnut. It is full of such adventure as boys enjoy, and contains enough history to give it an educative character. Whistler's books are similar to Henty's, and can be fully recommended. This one is well illustrated.

Similar in character to the foregoing are "A Stout English Bowman,"\* by Edgar Pickering, author of "Two Gallant Rebels," etc., and "The Search for the Talisman," by Henry Frith, author of "Jack O'Lanthorn," "A Cruise in Cloud-land," etc. The former is a story of chivalry in the days of Henry III. of England, and in the days when a bowman was the leading type of the English warrior. It is full of adventure. The latter book is a tale of adventure in Labrador, not quite so full of war and fighting, yet detailing many adventures which befell two English youths on a tour of discovery in the northerly regions of Canada.

Every year Mr. Henty and his publishers send out three new volumes of historical tales for boys, and every year large editions of both the new and the old titles are sold. The year 1897 is to be no exception, and the new volumes are entitled: "With Moore at Corunna;" "With Frederick the Great, a Tale of the Seven Years' War," and "A March on London, or a Tale of Wat Tyler's Rising."† Mr. Henty is a voluminous writer, and manages to give a great many historical matters between each set of covers. The first of the three books above—I must confess to not having read the other two—strikes me as indicating a down-grade on the part of this famous author. Terence Connor, the young son of an Irish captain, is made an ensign at fifteen years of age, and inside of two months preserves half his regiment from destruction, and within a year won distinction under Sir John Moore and Sir Arthur Wellesley, and was promoted to a lieutenantancy in the British army and a colonelcy in the Portuguese army, with the command of an independent corps of 2,500 men. That one so young could do so much in a short time is simply doubly-distilled nonsense. Moreover, the story does not necessitate the hero being so young. To have made Terence eighteen instead of fifteen would have rendered his exploits just as noticeable and much more probable. Further, Henty gives the same descriptions over and over again, by making the hero describe his exploits to his brother officers after they have occurred. This renders the story wearisome, and destroys in a measure the sympathy which the reader feels towards the hero. As literature, pure and simple, "With Moore at Corunna" is a very second-rate book, while as an historical novel, written to interest boys, it is undoubtedly much above the average. Henty seems to have reached the point where he unconsciously exaggerates in a ridiculous way the features which have made his books famous. He has lived in an artificial world so long that he has forgotten how to be natural.



#### JEROME, A POOR MAN.

When, about a year ago, Mary E. Wilkins' "Madelon" was reviewed in these pages, her inelegancies in style and her errors in syntax were noted. In her latest novel, "Jerome, a Poor Man," the talented authoress continues to show her disregard for the set rules which guide the construction of good English prose, but this wilfulness occurs much less frequently. Here and there occur such expressions as "Colonel Jack Lamson . . . cleared his throat, and strove to speak in vain."

Jerome's father, Abel Edwards, had an invalid wife, hard luck, two children and a mortgage, and these possessions form the subject-matter of the story. Abel disappears very mysteriously one day, and only twelve-year-old Jerome knows that he has drowned himself in the pond. But the villagers speculate.

\* London: Blackie & Son; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† London: Blackie & Son; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, illustrated, gilt edges, 5 shillings.



Mebbe," said Ozias Lamb, "somebody killed poor Abel for his mortgage. I dun'no' of anything else he had." Ozias laughed again.

All the other men looked rather apprehensively at him. His face was all broadened with sardonic laughter, but his blue eyes were fierce under his great bushy head of fair hair. "Abel Edwards has been lugging of that mortgage 'round for the last ten years," said he, "an' it's been about all he had to lug. It's been the meat in his stomach an' the hope in his heart. He ain't been a-lookin' forward to eatin', but to payin' up the interest money when it came due; he ain't been a-lookin' forward to heaven, but to clearin' off the mortgage. It's been all he's had; it's bore down on his body and his soul, an' it's braced him up to keep on workin'." He's been livin' in this Christian town for ten years, a carryin' of this fine mortgage right out, in plain sight, and I shouldn't be a mite surprised if somebody see it and hankered arter it. Folks are so darned anxious in this 'ere Christian town to get holt of each other's burdens!"

Simon Basset edged his chair still further; then he spoke: "Don't s'pose you expected folks to up an' pay Abel Edwards' mortgage for him?" he said.

"No, I didn't," returned Ozias Lamb, and the sardonic curves round his mouth deepened.

"An' I don't s'pose you'd expect Dr. Bescott to make him a present of it?"

"No," said Ozias Lamb, "I shouldn't never expect the doctor to make a present to anybody but himself, or the Lord, or the meetin'-house."

A general chuckle ran over the group at that. Doctor Bescott, who held the Edwards' mortgage, was regarded in the village as rather parsimonious except in those three directions.

This quotation gives the key-note to the story. It is the story of a twelve-year-old fatherless boy, and his struggle against poverty and a mortgage. It is pathetic, stirring and eloquent, and in dramatic power almost equal to Hall Caine's work. Miss Wilkins' touch is almost as strong, and her work almost as virile, as that of our best male novelists.



#### THE AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS."

One of the most talked about men of the times in the world of books is the gifted Polish novelist Henryk Sienkiewicz, the recent publication of whose wonderfully graphic and powerfully dramatic story of the Neronic period of Christianity, "Quo Vadis," has so deep an interest in the literary world. A Canadian edition of this book has just been placed on the market by George N. Morang, Toronto. Sienkiewicz, although a prolific writer, has, until quite lately, been comparatively unknown outside his own country and Germany, where to some extent translations of his novels have been read. Since his "With Fire and Sword," "Pan Michael," and "The Deluge," a strong trio of romances, based on the history of Poland, Russia and Sweden, and his "Children of the Soil" and "Without Dogma," stories of modern Polish life, have been done into English his public has grown rapidly in numbers, to be yet further multiplied by the notable success and popularity achieved by "Quo Vadis."

Sienkiewicz was born in 1845, in Lithuania. His student days were passed at Warsaw. Several years of his early life were spent in California, where he acquired a stock of material for some of his shorter tales and for a number of interesting letters which found their way into the Polish newspapers and helped bring him to the attention of his fellow-countrymen. When not engaged in more serious literary labours, Sienkiewicz has found time to indulge his leaning toward journalism. Travel has been a source of much enjoyment and profit to him. He is credited with knowing Europe from the Urals to Gibraltar, while his acquaintance with Poland and its people is said to exclude not the smallest hamlet in that land of poetry and romance.

"A strong love of nature," says the *New York Herald*, "a spirit reverential yet tolerant, a broad human sympathy, keen power of analysis a glowing patriotism and a fervid imagination are qualities acknowledged by his literary confreres to be possessed in such a degree by Sienkiewicz as to justify the use of the much abused term genius in the case of this Pole, whose name from being almost unknown in this Western world has within a brief season become a household word."



## NATIONAL SPORT.

### GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The leading golf players of Canada seem to reside in Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto, the game being played very little in other cities and towns. Perhaps it will become more general; but it is not likely ever to become very popular in the ordinary sense, as the game is essentially aristocratic.

The chief tournament of 1897 was held at Dixie, near Montreal, during the last few days of September. The chief attractions were the individual championship struggle and the inter-provincial team match. Thirty-two players competed for the former; Gillespie, of Quebec, last year's champion, and Brown, of London, the winner at the Niagara tournament, were defeated in the first round. The final was played on the third day, W. A. H. Kerr, of Toronto, and T. R. Henderson, of Montreal, being the contestants. Kerr won with five up and four to play.

The inter-provincial team championship was won by Ontario by a majority of six.

On October 14th, fifteen fair golfers from Toronto met fifteen ladies from Montreal and Quebec, and defeated them in an inter-provincial match by a score of 29 to 22. A remarkable feature was that, during the second round, the best record over the Dixie links was broken by both Miss White, of Toronto, and Miss Bond, of Montreal. The record up to this time was 60 strokes, and Miss Bond cut this down to 55, and Miss White to 52 strokes.

Next year golf will be the great sport among the best Canadian people. As a ladies' game, it is *par excellence*.

### ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The annual field meeting of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association, held on Sept. 25th, was a success in every way. But Canadian brawn and muscle was not equal to United States

muscle and training; as the following comparison will show:

#### WON BY CANADIANS.

Putting sixteen pound shot,  
Two mile run,  
Pole vault,  
Two mile bicycle race—4.

#### WON BY UNITED STATES.

One hundred yards,  
Three mile walk,  
One mile run,  
Two hundred and twenty yards,  
Running broad jump,  
Running high jump,  
Four hundred and forty yards,  
Throwing sixteen pound hammer,  
One hundred and twenty yard hurdle,  
Throwing fifty-six pound weight.  
Eight hundred and eighty yards—11.

It is rather discouraging to see our championships carried off in this way, and our athletic clubs ought to be thoroughly ashamed of this record. Not that they are wholly to blame, for such men as Wefers, Fetterman and Flanagan are really professionals, in that they are so taken care of by athletic associations that they find it unnecessary to have any very definite situation for the purposes of earning a living. Still, in spite of this handicap, Canadians should have shown up oftener. It is lamentable that we, of a hardy race, should not be able to exhibit to the world a higher degree of physical endurance and skill. Orton and Gray were the only two Canadians at the meeting who exhibited special ability, although young Alex. Grant's performance in the mile run marks him as an 1898 possibility.

Wefers is certainly a wonder. In the hundred yards he had no trouble at all. In the two-twenty he distanced his field, crossing the line strong in the record-breaking period of 21 sec. flat. In the four-forty he was strong up to the last five yards, when he wavered

enough to allow Long to beat him out. Everything considered, his performance in short distance running was the finest exhibition ever seen in Canada.

Many regretted that Orton did not compete in the mile with Cregan, but Orton was waiting for the double mile and was not sure enough of his strength to go up against such a man as Cregan. Brodie, of Montreal, was looked to to uphold Canadian honour, but he fell, and the Grants both beat him out. Stephen, of Montreal, ran well in the eight-eighty, and if properly handled might have won the laurel. Flanagan's performances as a weight-hurler fully justified his reputation.

#### A PROPER MOVE.

Principal Grant and the Senate of Queen's University, Kingston, have performed a worthy action in decreeing that the Rugby Football team representing that college shall train and play only bona fide undergraduates. The spirit which prompted such a move is exceedingly creditable to those concerned, and will be a valuable object-lesson to other bodies who are responsible for maintaining a proper amateur standing in amateur sport. It is a blow at semi-professionalism, and as such will be welcomed by all lovers of athletics. Queen's has long been an offender in respect of the amateur standing of its college team, and it is gratifying to know that Principal Grant has always felt that the position was improper.

#### THE WOODCOCK.

Reginald Gourlay, the well-known Canadian sportsman and writer, has an article on "The Woodcock and His Ways" in the sportsman's number of *Harper's Weekly*. He points out that, in his opinion, the extermination of the woodcock is certain, that this beautiful and eccentric bird is doomed to share the fate of the wild turkey. The main reason is the destroyal of covers, the axe being even more fatal to the woodcock than the gun.

"The American Woodcock is seldom found west of the Mississippi, and never on the Pacific coast or in the great Northwest country. He is still plentiful in some of the Southern Atlantic States, and is found in fair num-

bers yet in the New England and Middle States. Southern and Central Ontario, Canada, is, I think, the woodcock's last stronghold on this continent. Though he is pretty plentiful in Southern Quebec, in Northern Quebec it is too cold for him, and he is unknown. I have never heard of him north of the Laurentians, nor even in Muskoka, nor in the country north of Peterborough.

"The woodcock is a bird of singular, not to say grotesque, habits. A bird that feeds by night and rests by day, sees behind it without turning its head, has two distinct methods of flight (if not more), that gets its food by making shafts or 'bores' in the ground with its bill, and that is said to carry its young about on its back, may fairly be called eccentric. Though not more than half the size of the European species, he has much the same habits, and is quite his equal as a table delicacy. As regards difficulty in shooting him, he ranks next to the ruffed grouse or partridge, and is far less abundant."

Canadians should carefully distinguish the three birds: woodcock, snipe and woodpecker. The woodcock (*philohela minor*) has a short neck, its thigh entirely feathered, and is found in dense covers. The snipe (*Gallinago delicata*, or Wilson's snipe) has a longer neck and the lower part of its thigh naked. The woodpecker is a tree bird, with a sharp, chisel-pointed bill, and stiff-pointed tail feathers which assist it in climbing.

#### THE OUANANICHE.

In this same number of *Harper's Weekly*, E. T. D. Chambers, the Quebec journalist, writes of the gamy Ouananiche:

"Nowadays, anglers who have done a little investigating on their own account, or who are familiar with the work of recent explorers, are well aware that nowhere in Canada is the ouananiche a land-locked salmon, and that far from being peculiar to Lake St. John and its feeders and outlet, it is a resident of nearly all Canadian rivers flowing southward into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, eastward through Labrador into the Atlantic Ocean, or following a northerly course in the direction of Ungava Bay.

"Ouananiche fishing is at its best in Canada from about the 20th of May to the 20th of July, and from the 20th of August to the close of the open season on the 15th of September. There is not much better sport to be had, especially by the novice, than that afforded by the early spring appearance of the fish in the mouths of the Ouitchouan, the Metabetchouan, and La Belle Riviere, from the 20th to the 25th of May. This is also within a few days of the disappearance of the ice from the surface of Lake St. John."

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### Canadian Christmas.

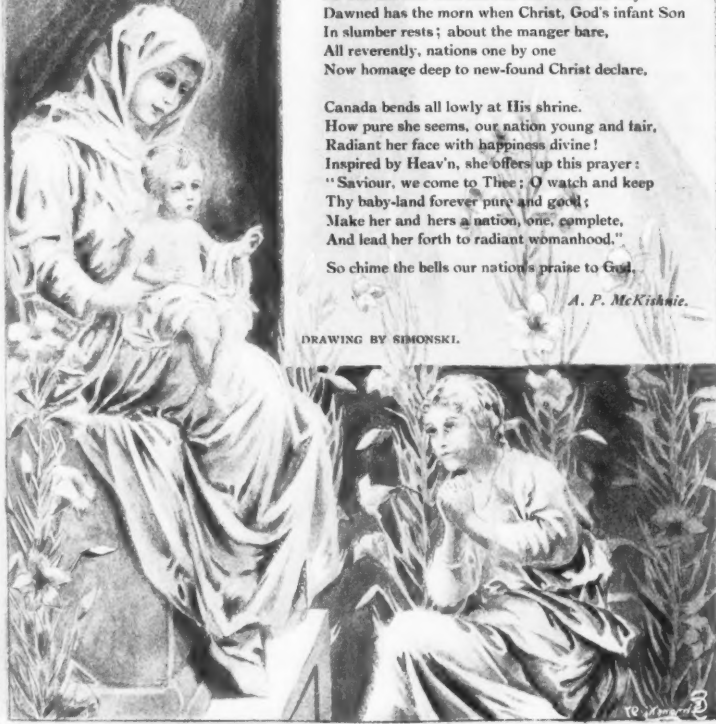
CROSS snow-capped hills, all sweetly soft and low,  
A glad bell's chime comes to each ear to-day ;  
Near Heav'n 'twas born, O many years ago,  
As was the star that showed the Wise the way.  
Dawned has the morn when Christ, God's infant Son  
In slumber rests ; about the manger bare,  
All reverently, nations one by one  
Now homage deep to new-found Christ declare.

Canada bends all lowly at His shrine.  
How pure she seems, our nation young and fair,  
Radiant her face with happiness divine !  
Inspired by Heav'n, she offers up this prayer :  
" Saviour, we come to Thee ; O watch and keep  
Thy baby-land forever pure and good ;  
Make her and hers a nation, one, complete,  
And lead her forth to radiant womanhood."

So chime the bells our nation's praise to God.

*A. P. McKinnie.*

DRAWING BY SIMONSKI.



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